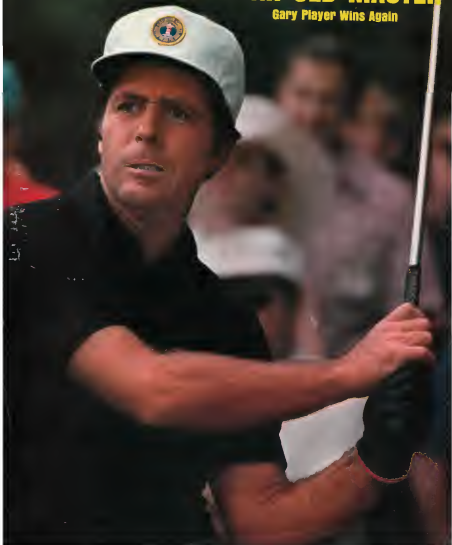


Sports Illustrated

APRIL 22, 1974 60 CENTS

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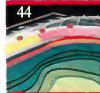
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TWO STRONG TEAMS in search of their first title, the New York Nets and the Kentucky Colonels, clash on the ABA's Eastern front and Peter Carry covers all the action.

HE RUNS! He shoots! He can catch and pass like a dream. He is Bruce Handy, the pride of Utah and the nation's foremost schoolboy athlete, profiled by Jerry Kutzbaum.

100 YEARS of memories are revisited in Frank Deford's nostalgic visit to the Kentucky Derby's past: the track, the trainers and a jockey who literally fought his way to victory.

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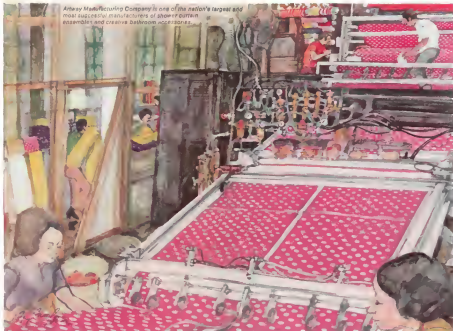
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SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

IN OUT OF THE COLD

Now that it is all over and Henry Aaron is soaring off into uncharted space, the question arises, why did the ruckus over where Aaron should try for the equalizer and the tie breaker occur in the first place? Apparently the Braves gambled that Henry would not be making history in the opening week of the season and passed up the chance to start off with a long home stand in Atlanta. But the 1974 NL schedule was drawn up in midsummer last year when Aaron was still considerably behind the Babe's historic mark. The Braves were thinking it would be the second or third series this year before Henry neared Ruth's record. Then Aaron got into the wondrous hot streak that almost took him past the Babe before the 1973 season ended.

"It would have been a simple adjustment to reschedule the Braves into Atlanta," says Fred Fleg, the league's secretary in charge of scheduling. "And we could have let the Reds open the season at home, as they always do, against anybody—Montreal, for instance. But nobody brought it up. Not the Braves, not the commissioner."

Pity. Think of the people who would have been spared the embarrassment of wiping egg off their faces even as the Expos were wiping snow off their shoulders in Montreal. Because of the raw weather, the Expos never did get in a lick against the Cubs in their postponed two-game series and Charles Brannan, chairman of the board, vowed never again to accept a schedule that called for playing at home before April 15.

Last week Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson said he would extend Brannan's ban to all cold-weather cities in the National League. "Except for our traditional opener at home, there is no reason at all why we shouldn't play the first couple of weeks in Atlanta, Houston, San Diego, Los Angeles and San Francisco," he said, adding that the season opens too early, anyway, and that there are too many off days through the

first month. The Reds, for instance, have seven open dates in April and only 20 more through the rest of the season. "We don't need that many days off in April," he said. "The players are in shape and the hot weather hasn't hit yet."

There would be at least one problem. The league—the American, too—probably would have to abandon compartmentalizing the schedule neatly into intradivision and interdivision sections in the early part of the season, but that has always been somewhat of an artificial device that has gone unnoticed by the fans it was supposed to interest most. And losing the perfect symmetry of the schedule is a sacrifice almost anybody who has ever sat huddled under Hudson's Bay blankets at a season's opener in Minneapolis or Milwaukee or Chicago will gladly make, Henry Aaron included.

CONTACT SPORT

As the saying goes, it comes as no surprise in this corner that football is dangerous. It does, however, come as a distinct surprise to learn how dangerous football really is. Two researchers at the University of North Carolina, Carl S. Blyth and Frederick O. Mueller, followed the careers of 8,776 players at 43 North Carolina high schools through four seasons and discovered that 4,287, or almost half, sustained injuries either in practice or games.

The researchers, both with doctorates in physical education, concluded, not surprisingly, that the most frequent injuries are to knee, ankle, head or neck. More surprising was when most injuries occur: in September during practice and in the second quarter of a game. The player running a maximum risk is an experienced senior in a small school coached by a young man who never played college football. Three out of 10 injuries were the result of a blow from a piece of equipment, and the helmet, causing 38.8% of those injuries, was the main culprit. Next most dangerous were shoes and shoulder pads.

Drs. Blyth and Mueller saw a need for safer equipment—primarily softer internal padding for helmets and shoulder pads—and a more stringent enforcement of the rules already on the books. Deaths will never be eliminated in a hard body-contact sport like football, they said, but they can be sharply reduced by "well-trained coaches, better supervision and safety-minded game officials."

ONE MAN'S FAMILY

Fred Pieper, a traffic cop with 24 years' experience on the Millburn, N.J. police force, has 12 children and an absolute mania for golf. Pieper, in fact, feels he owes his job to the game, having been hired partly because the chief needed a strong fourth on the department team. And there is this other thing about Fred Pieper. When he owes, he pays—in this



case by naming his children after golfers. Beginning with Freddie Haas Pieper, now 30, there are Jimmy Demaree, Bobby Jones, Susan, Dick Mayer, Arnold Palmer, Carol Mann, Mickey Wright, Sam Snead, Patty Berg, Ben Hogan and Betsy Rawls, who is 11.

Susan? She was supposed to be Babe Didrikson, but the priest objected, says Pieper, "because the name might affect her when she grew up. I should have gotten a golfer priest. From then on we tried to clue the priests in first to see whether they might have any objection or didn't understand the greatness of golf."

Pieper says his wife Charlotte "didn't care what we called the kids as long as I fed them. I taught them golf and none refused to learn. The game kept the fam-

continued

ily together. We would all take a ride and hit shots. My wife didn't care too much for the game herself, but she'd come with us and watch."

Preper made the U.S. Open six years ago when he finished 11th in an Eastern section, but he says probably the best golfer is Bobby Jones. It figures. Bobby has two children of his own, Bobby Jones II and Johnny Farrell. That figures, too.

ADVANTAGE THEM

Expansion leagues always have been a haven for superannuated athletes on the verge of being tossed overboard. That fledgling enterprise, World Team Tennis, which begins play May 6, will be, too, though with a difference. With promises of big money for little work (May-August), it has coaxed back into the arena not only the oldtimers but wives and mothers and some youngsters, comparatively speaking, who once had a bright future before becoming disenchanted with the sport. The result is an assemblage of players on the league's 16 rosters that is at once fascinating and motley.

Among the names now dimly remembered on the international circuit but rich in nostalgia is Manuel Santana. At 35 and retired from big-time competition for four years, Spain's 1965 Forest Hills titlist has signed as player-coach with the New York Nets. The Boston Lobsters' player-coach, Ion Tiriac, chose semiretirement from the world circuit after one too many doubles matches with his irrepressible partner and countryman, Ilie Nastase. Carole Graebner, Forest Hills finalist in 1964, mother of two and wife of Clark, signed with her husband to play for the Cleveland Nets. The Nets also got Peaches Bartkowicz, 25, who so dominated U.S. Junior tennis that she never lost to anyone in her age group in the years 1960-67. Kristy Pigeon, only 23, who won the National Juniors in 1968 but retired three years later, will be with the Baltimore Banners. The list goes on: Fred Stolle, Bill and Lesley Bowrey, etc.

How well will the has-beens, almost-weres and still-to-be fare against the likes of King, Newcombe, Casals, Connors, Rosewall and Geolagong? Well enough, if the experience of Mary Ann Eisel Beattie, another retired U.S. Junior champ, counts for anything. Mary Ann, 27, decided to enter the recent U.S. Indoors in New York after being drafted by the Detroit Loves "to see how I'd do." With just two qualifying tournaments

under her competitive frock in 18 months, she extended Chris Evert to three sets before losing 2-6, 6-1, 6-2 and announcing she was going home—"to take care of the baby."

A RACE APART

Chauvinistically, it was a hard day at the races for the mules a few weeks ago at the Detroit Race Course. There were 10,000 present, a majority of them men, and 2,000 entered the handicapping contest in which they were to select the winners in each of the day's 10 races. Turns out the best handicapper was Mrs. E. B. Rossman of Detroit, with seven correct selections. Next came—a woman. Third—a woman. Fourth—woman again. Fifth? Ah, Michael Ponka salvaged whatever is left of the male reputation in the world of thoroughbreds. But cheer up, fellows. The women probably bet their horses in show. (Something tells us we'll regret that line.)

TRY AGAIN

It was just one of those once-in-a-lifetime things—that happened again. You may recall that seven years ago (SI, April 10, 1967) the coaches of the American Hockey League voted Mike Nykoluk, center for the Hershey Bears, the league's Most Valuable Player, and Gordon Labossere of the Quebec Aces its All-Star center. Well, a lot of ice has melted since then, and the coaches are in deep water again. This year, polled as usual by the Harrisburg (Pa.) *Patriot-News*, they voted the Rochester Americans' Art Stratton MVP and chose Steve West of the New Haven Nighthawks for the All-Star team—and, you guessed it, both are centers. The vote for All-Star wasn't even close. On the basis of five points for first team and three for second, West received 43 points and Stratton 20. It still doesn't wash.

NATIONAL PUZZLEMENT

Pros with all that money. "I could do without them." Pros with all those demands. "I could do without them." Pros living in a style we will never get used to. "I could do without them."

To hear the refrain from the man at the bar, he is tired of all those 21-year-olds asking for \$200,000 no-cut contracts and pensions that will guarantee them a new Mercedes-Benz each year for the rest of their lives. His interest is slipping and the professional athlete is not setting a good example for his children.

And yet a curious thing happened when Larry Csonka, Jim Knick and Paul Warfield kicked over the traces with the Miami Dolphins to sign up, presumably for the rest of their playing lives, with the Toronto Northmen of the still unborn World Football League. Almost nobody was outraged.

Only a few years ago the majority of fans would have considered a Csonka or Knick or Warfield a traitor to his team, his adopted city and to the people who loved so much to see him win, except in isolated instances where there was grudging acceptance of the new ways of the business-athletics complex. But in Miami, for the few fans who thought the trio's defection was a disgrace, there were far more who shrugged and said, "For that money you can hardly blame them."

The Miami response was not unique. In Oakland and Dallas and New York, wherever a National Football League team lost star players to the WFL, it was the same: "That's the name of the game. Get the money. The owners do, the coaches do, Don Shula did when he left Baltimore to coach Miami."

And yet there is that ambivalence. The players themselves, those who pay them and profit by them, and those who pay to watch, all admit, in various ways, to a vague uneasiness over what has become of sport. However understandable the reasons, the fun in sport seems to be fighting a losing battle with economic reality. But the same could be said and has been said about other aspects of national life. And who, willingly, would go back to the simpler days before commerce joined sport to spread and expand its pleasures and influence? It is a conundrum that even time may not solve.

THEY SAID IT

• Clifford Roberts, chairman of the Masters at the Augusta National Golf Club, asked what he would do if a streaker streaked at the Masters: "Why, naturally, we would take his badge away."

• Earl Weaver, Baltimore Oriole manager, after being booed by fans when making a pitching change: "I'd rather have them out at the park booing than at home kicking the television set or complaining that the movie was lousy."

• Gibby Gilbert, unimpressed by the power of the stars over pro golfers: "If there is anything to this astrology business, Jack Nicklaus must have been born under every sign." **END**

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EST. 1906

WEE GARY SPRINGS HIS TRAP

While Jack Nicklaus and the young lions of pro golf were keeping a wary eye on each other last week, Gary Player went blasting past them to capture his second Masters

by **DAN JENKINS**

This was to have been the Masters in which Jack Nicklaus did battle with the Youth of America, the mop-haired crew that has been winning all those golf tournaments over the past year, even stealing away some that Nicklaus wanted most, like the U.S. Open and the British Open. You had the feeling he was letting the kids have their fun for a while. Now, after practicing hard on the course the week before, out he stormed over the fairways of Augusta, shooting subpar rounds of 69 and 71 the first two days, good enough to move comfortably away from young bucks like Johnny Miller, Ben Crenshaw and Lanny Wadkins. He was ready to take on the challenge of Dave Stockton, Hale Irwin, Jim Colbert and Tom Weiskopf, all younger if not part of the mod squad, all in contention to win the tournament. And then, midway through the third round, as his attention was riveted on them, he was caught and passed on his blind side by an old foe, 37 years old as a matter of fact, a man who won his first major championship while Nicklaus was still an amateur and who spent the week of the 1973 Masters recovering from the second of

two operations. Now fit and, as he likes to say, "playing the best golf of my life," Gary Player startled Nicklaus and the rest of the field on Saturday afternoon with a string of five straight birdies that vaulted him into second place, one stroke from the lead. On Sunday he grabbed the lead at the 9th hole, and while he was often forced to share it with a small army of contenders, Player refused to back off. One by one the others did, Nicklaus included, and when it was over, Wee Gary had won the Masters. He shot 71-71-66-70—278, 10 under par, to beat Weiskopf and Stockton by two strokes, Nicklaus, Colbert and Irwin by three.

The last few holes are where a tournament is generally won and lost, and this was no exception. From minute to minute on Sunday it would look like Nicklaus' tournament, then Player's, then Weiskopf's, all of which would make sense, and then it would look like Stockton's again, or Irwin's, or Colbert's, perhaps, and there were even remote chances that it might wind up belonging to Frank Beard or Phil Rodgers or Bobby Nichols.

Two things brought an end to the hys-

teria: Gary Player, and his inherent belief that this tournament belonged to him. He was playing the best golf. He had been all week. Why wouldn't he win?

Essentially, Gary waded through all the confusion and pressure to put it away with a couple of stifling putts that he had to squeeze into the cups—a pair of nasty six-footers—and then with a string of nothing but superb golf shots over the last six holes, the kind he'd been hitting for four days.

When just about everyone else was looking for a way to lose, even the normally implacable Nicklaus and the pure-swinging Weiskopf, Player gave you the feeling that he was coolly and deadly determined to win. Sure, he usually does. This time he also played the last six holes in two under par with shots that looked glued to the flags, and these were the shots that the others could not produce. They brought Player home to his second Masters championship and his first in 13 years.

If a single blow did it while the Augusta sky was darkening, it was a nine-iron Player hit to the 17th green, on the next to last hole. The moment the ball

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left the clubhead and was hanging in the humid air, Gary turned away, pitched the club politely to his caddie and started up the fairway, comforted by the knowledge that he couldn't strike a golf shot any better. In that instant he said to the caddie, "We are not going to putt this one."

He must have walked six or seven yards toward the green with his head down before the ball came to rest about eight inches from the cup, accompanied by one of those Masters roars that make the clubhouse totter and the pine trees tremble.

"I knew I was going to win on the 1st tee. It's the best golf I've ever played in a major championship, all the way," Player said later. "I derive a lot of strength from my belief in God. I'm a Bible puncher. When I work for something, I expect it to happen. No one works as hard at golf as I do. No athlete has ever traveled so much as I have. I say all this only to try to make everybody understand what it means to me to win. There's no way to properly describe the gratification from working so hard, and then being rewarded for it."

There is hardly any way to describe the help Player got from Nicklaus and Weiskopf, either. If anyone played as well as Gary did from tee to green throughout the four rounds it was Weiskopf, but he sank only one putt over 10 feet all week. And then in the final, crucial moment of Sunday's chaos, he couldn't get out of his own way.

Weiskopf fell asleep on an iron shot to the 16th hole just when he was tied with Player for the lead, jerking it into the pond. He didn't hang around the hole as long as poor Frank Beard, who made a seven, but Weiskopf's shot led to a bogey and badly damaged his chances, and for the third time in the last six years he had to settle for second place. He shared that with Stockton, who finally ran out of magic but played a gutty Masters, nonetheless.

Nicklaus had one of those weeks in which he started driving badly, and then missed short putts at the worst times. Each day he would seem to get a round going, then something dreadful would

happen, either a wild shot or a tiny putt that would rim the cup. He was so angry on Saturday night, when he was five strokes and eight players behind, that he went to the practice area, and with his wife Barbara sitting there watching he hit about 40 balls off the property and into Washington Road, slashing at them as hard as he could.

It looked briefly as if his labors were going to pay off on Sunday. When he danced a 50-foot eagle putt into the hole on 13 to trail Player by only a stroke, it was pretty natural for everyone to say uh, oh, here comes the man, despite everything. But he promptly bogeyed the 14th, blowing another short putt.

Then came more dramatics, Nicklaus style. He hit his usual lousy shot to the 15th, which is slowly driving him goofy. This one stuck in the grime at the edge of the pond, and Jack had to undress his right foot to get at it. He was obliged to remove his sock, put the shoe back on, and roll up the trouser leg to take his stance. But he popped the ball out and



After his eagle at 13 Nicklaus was a stroke back, but when he bogeyed 14 he bowed out.



Colbert traveled many an unlikely road at Augusta but he came away with a tie for fourth.



Stockton's pull dropped near on Sunday.

nearly holed it. Another birdie, Jack was still coming.

Not quite. His game had been rotten by his own admission. "I'd gotten into a hook pattern all week," he said. "I'm too smart to do that."

So he had one more hook left, the iron to the 16th, which was saved from the water by a bunker. Still, he hit a miserable sand shot and there was the bogey that ended another of his comebacks, which have a growing habit of falling short.

continued

For Weiskopf, finishing second was hardly a novel experience. He had done it twice before.

What annoyed Nicklaus the most was that the Masters course had never played easier. The tip-off that the place might be a pushover this year came early during practice rounds when the players talked about how "fair" it was. Fair to a touring pro usually means slow greens—and both rain and a new strain of grass had made those at Augusta just that: wide fairways and no rough to speak of. He can kill it, in other words. And this is exactly what kept happening all during the week, ending with a course-record-tying 64 on Sunday by an obscure English pro named Maurice Bembridge.

The assault began on Thursday, and the leaderboards soon had so much red on them—red numbers signifying below-par figures—they looked like the eyes of the hungover revelers on the clubhouse veranda. It was a grand mixture of personalities who rapped into the course, as a total of 21 players shot themselves under par. There were the usual names, like Nicklaus, Player and Wenckopf, but they were mingled in with the Colberts, Greens, Irwins, Beards, Stocktons, Iversons and Hiskies, who quickly furnished the proof that unless the greens hardened and the wind blew almost anyone would be capable of winning the tournament.

"A 72 out there feels like an 80," Nicklaus said.

The course was first exposed by Art Wall in the opening round. On the 4th, 5th and 6th holes, not exactly the best places to expect miracles, Wall went 2-2-2 with a birdie, an eagle and a birdie. No one could recall if anyone had ever put up such consecutive numbers in a major championship. Wall did it by sinking a 40-foot putt on the 4th green, by holing out a 220-yard 4-wood shot at the 5th and by dropping a five-foot putt on the 6th. He even added another ducer on the 16th, making four in one round. In his lifetime Wall has made 41 holes in one. It's what he does. Some people get good bridge hands, Art Wall makes aces. But none of them had ever traveled as much distance as the eagle shot on Augusta's 5th hole, which is among the hardest on the course.

All sorts of shots started going into the cups after that, and continued to do so for hours, even days. Thursday was the day in which Beard made four straight birdies—and five birdies in the last six holes. And it was also the day Irwin made



Player watches his fifth straight birdie fall into the hole at 16, completing his Saturday charge. Art

five birdies in a row from the 12th through the 16th holes, merely one of the most dangerous stretches on the whole premises. If anyone thought Irwin had set a Masters record that would stand for a while, they didn't have long to think about it. Two days later Player birdied the same five holes when he shot the 66 that gave the tournament some of its old-fashioned excitement.

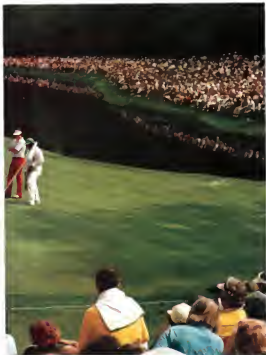
When the first day was over, however, it belonged to the unlikely Jim Colbert. He was so casual that if you only glanced at him occasionally on Thursday you might have thought he was picking up trash off the course instead of shooting a 67.

At the 12th hole he was confronted with a chip shot that could easily glide across the green and go into the water, but Colbert's went into the cup for a birdie. At the 13th he drove down into the trees, then hit his next shot sideways into

the 14th fairway. But he pitched over the creek and dropped another birdie putt. All sorts of terrible possibilities were in store for him on the 15th when his second shot over the water hit a television stand. But the ball landed safely and he escaped with a par.

Colbert's round the next day was even more bizarre, as he turned from birdies and an eagle—six under par—to a routine 72. After which he adjusted the unlikely-looking hat he wears and began issuing quakes like, "The scoreboard will tell you who wins on Sunday."

Friday was the day Stockton began to occupy everyone's mind. He did it the way he frequently does, with a lot of scrambling and celestial putting and plain old determination. Recovering from the woods several times and posting the first of his eagles, this one on the 13th, Stockton shot the 66 that sent him into the tournament lead he would be



He had day, with the pin set nearer to the pond, Walschlag caught the water, Westlake the sand.

forced to try and hold against half of Georgia.

"I don't play boring golf," he said. "I turn up in some funny places, but I think this makes the game interesting."

The thing everybody might have kept in mind about Stockton was that he had turned up in such funny places as on top of the PGA back in 1970, and he had a reputation for going out every so often and winning on a tough and highly reputable course. Southern Hills, for example, where he took that PGA, and Colonial one year, and Riviera this winter when he won the Los Angeles Open.

The summing up of Dave Stockton and his impact on the 1974 Masters was best offered by Miller Barber. Sitting in the upstairs men's grill one morning, Barber looked at the indoor leaderboard and said, "Dave Stockton, I'll tell you one thing. When that dude gets in one of his moods, he don't tend to disappear."

Stockton was more than visible on Saturday when he promptly pitched in for an eagle at the 2nd hole. This was the shot that did much to get him to his 70 and a safe enough distance in front of the field to withstand the closing rush by Gary Player and all the others who were chasing him. Here again, Stockton's eagle on the 2nd hole dramatized the difference in how the course played last week and how it usually played in the past. Dave was far to the left of the green, and had the putting surface been as slick as it once was his wedge shot probably would not have stopped short of a suburban neighborhood down the hill, much less trickled into the cup.

When Player came out of nowhere on Saturday it was with a burst of the most splendid shotmaking of the tournament. At the wicked 12th he calmly stuck a seven-iron one foot from the cup. He rolled in a 15-footer for a birdie

at the 13th. At the 14th he hit a wedge just seven feet from the flag and made it. He laid up at the 15th, hit a safe wedge within 20 feet and sank it. He hit a five-iron to the 16th right at the hole, and jammed that six-foot putt in for his fifth birdie in succession.

Then Gary, or rather "the Aferkin," as he's known around the Augusta caddy yard, thanked everybody in the world for his good fortune. Everybody from the Lord to the greens superintendent to his five children who were with him—a sixth was left in South Africa—to himself for having discovered a "secret" about his golf swing that he refused to reveal to anyone unless they bought his latest book.

While all of this was going on the first three days of the Masters, the guy who was convinced he would win it, Johnny Miller, hero of the year with his four tour victories, revealed something altogether different. His human side, Miller was tense before the tournament started, plainly feeling the pressure of his success, and not about to play a good tournament. He didn't.

"I'd been talking about it publicly too much," Johnny said. "I'd been thinking about it too much as well. I'll profit from this experience." Miller wound up tied for 15th. Creditable, of course, but a disappointment for a man with big plans.

It is amazing how Gary Player keeps coming back to remind us that he still ranks among the game's greatest golfers. This Masters gave him his seventh major championship. He won the British Open as far back as 1959, and he has now taken the Masters 15 years apart, sliding a few more British Opens and U.S. Opens and PGAs in between them. Few golfers have won major championships in three separate decades and often Gary has seemed to win them with little more than tenacity and grit and sheer hard work. No one ever argued that he was not the best competitor of them all; he had to be.

Late last Sunday afternoon he was all of that, plus a shotmaker of infinite skill and class, one who has circled the globe seeking the polish and knowledge and experience to become what he is, and a man who has learned that it pays off to give much of himself back to the sport. The new Masters winner is a man of considerable quality.

END

HEAVY WEATHER IN THE SLOT

It blew up a gale of controversy around hockey's premier scorer, Esposito of Boston, as the Bruins tripped Toronto

by MARK MULVOY



Hockey players call it "the slot," but it is more like Central Park after dark. When Phil Esposito of the Boston Bruins stands in that 5-by-10-foot zone in front of a goaltender for more than one second, he fully expects to stop the butt end of an opponent's stick with his stomach, catch a few fists in his face, get stack-whipped around the ankles or be held, bumped, elbowed and shouldered. More muggings are committed in the slot than in any other high-crime area in North America.

Since the slot also provides the prime goal-scoring position in hockey, these attentions are an occupational hazard, and medical repair bills are a routine income-tax deduction. Esposito scored 68 goals this season and probably 50 of them came on shots from the slot. In return, he endured about 13 elbows and five punches per goal and suffered one broken nose, one bruised wrist and countless facial cuts. Esposito does not just stand there. He parks his 6'2", 215-pound truck of a frame and sets up housekeeping. "Phil rents the slot from the Boston Garden," says Bobby Orr.

"He stays in there so long we should be able to move him out some way," says Defenseman Brian Glennie of the Toronto Maple Leafs. "But sometimes he doesn't even budge when he gets hit." No fool, Esposito realizes that if he waits long enough, one of three situations is sure to develop: he will get the puck from one of his wingers—Wayne Cashman or Ken Hodge—working in the corners; he will deflect one of Orr's shots from the blue line; he will collect the rebound from an Orr blast. This routine has produced startling results for the Bruins. Esposito has led the National Hockey League's goal scorers in each of the last five years, and Esposito, Orr, Hodge and Cashman were, in

order, the league's top four scorers this season.

As the Stanley Cup playoffs opened last week, the most pressing problem confronting Glennie and his Toronto teammates as they skated into Esposito's Bostonief clearly was to stop him. The Maple Leafs will remember that Defenseman Ron Harris of the New York Rangers had nullified Esposito in last season's opening playoff series by hitting him at the perimeter of the slot with a low, hard, clean hip check in Game Two, sending him to the hospital for knee surgery. Without Esposito's stick to worry about, the Rangers ousted the favored Bruins from the playoffs three games later.

The first phase of Toronto's "Stop Esposito" program was a vocal plea directed toward the referees. "Esposito's a great hockey player," said Coach Red Kelly. "and he doesn't need any help from the officials. You know, he thinks that because he's Esposito, no one should touch him and he should be allowed to hit our players at will."

Esposito always has practiced a subtle form of retaliation. If he feels he has been fouled but thinks the referee has either missed it or deemed the action legal, he plays the supplicant. He scowls. He frowns. He shudders. He shakes his head. He raises his shoulders. He winces. He drags his leg. Anything to create sympathy. "He's a super actor," says one referee. Esposito also chats with the officials. Some are friendly chats, others are hard-eyed, unfriendly chats. "It's all done for a purpose, everyone knows that," says Esposito himself. "There's no way the referee will change the call he just made—or didn't make—but I'll get him thinking and then next time, well, maybe we'll get the break."

Kelly laughs at the thought of Esposito

begging for a penalty. "He's like the guy who robs a store, runs out the front door, yells 'Thief, thief,' and points to two guys down the street," Kelly says. "He gets away with murder. The simple fact is that he doesn't like to get hit."

Phase two of the Toronto plan was to hit Esposito repeatedly. "You can't push him," says Glennie, the best body-checker among the Toronto defensemen. "You've got to muscle him, or at least try to, and I like to work on his concentration. He gets upset very easily. So I talk to him. I never say, 'I'm going to chop your head off,' or anything like that. I just try to get under his skin."

In the first game Glennie and the other Leafs began hacking away at Esposito at the opening faceoff. Early in the second period the two principals put menacing sticks in the air and Referee Art Skov whistled them both to the penalty box. The muggings continued to be successful as Toronto Defenseman Mike Pelyk went to the box with Esposito after another altercation. Esposito obviously was off his game and his line managed only three shots on Goaltender Doug Favell all night.

Although the Bruins won that game 1-0 on Gregg Sheppard's goal, Esposito was furious at the Leafs and the officiating. "No team ever held me or hooked me as much as they did tonight," he said. "Glennie was unbelievable. I guess it's about time I start to retaliate more than I have been. Actually, I should have become more aggressive a long time ago, but I get paid to score. I'm not a great fighter by any means. I've probably lost all the fights I've ever had. But this stuff can't go on anymore."

"Bobby Hull always told me that the worst thing about hockey is that the rules can be stretched so that pests can make life miserable for the better players. What



In Game Two, Esposito fires a slot-shot past goalie Favell, then lifts a glove in triumph.

if Orr got racked up every night? Say two guys deliberately went after him every game and kept pounding him into the boards. Bobby doesn't need that, he'd probably quit. Then hockey would be the big loser. Now I don't think I should be granted immunity or anything, but I believe the referees should watch for infractions more closely because, let's face it, I get fouled—and Orr gets fouled—more than most players. Instead, they don't

watch us at all. If something happens, they say we should expect it because we're stars."

If Esposito was mugged in the first game, he was the mugger in the second. He practically decapitated Glennie at one point and later elbowed Pelyk and rookie Ian Turnbull as they tried to cover him in the slot. Midway through the second period, Glennie knocked Esposito to the ice with one of the year's best body

checks. Bouncing up, Esposito skated to the crease and planted himself between Glennie and Favell. Before Glennie knew what was happening, Esposito had retaliated for that check by battering him with five elbows to the head. When Glennie fought back, Referee Bob Myers signaled for matching penalties. As the melee continued Ken Hodge dutifully came to Esposito's aid, and when the battle was over Glennie had a five-stitch cut over his eye. "It seems that if you rap a guy over the head, the way Esposito and Hodge did, he gets a penalty for taking the rap over the head," Kelly said. "Esposito intimidated the referee."

Esposito later scored a goal on the Boston power play—a shot from the slot, naturally—as the Bruins won 6-3, but once again the Esposito-Hodge-Cashman line was relatively ineffective. "We did what we wanted to do by containing them," Kelly said, shaking his head, "and then the Sheppard line kills us."

Back in Toronto for the third and fourth games, Kelly continued to question the officiating, and Toronto newspapers ran pictures of Esposito hooking and holding Maple Leaf players. "You really can't blame Phil for doing what he has been doing," said Ed Johnston, a former Bruin who is an alternate Toronto goalie. "If you can punch guys and get away with it, then you should punch them and get away with it. He keeps giving—and we keep taking it on the head."

As Kelly had expected, Toronto complaints this time fell upon receptive ears, the Bruins spent a good part of the second period of Game Three parading to the penalty box without a Toronto player for company. "All those write-ups about the Boston Bruins hitting the poor Leafs," snapped Bruin Coach Bep Gendolin. "I saw the same Toronto team that I saw in Boston, and the players didn't look bruised to me."

But despite the penalties and the ineffectiveness of the Esposito line, the Bruins had their third win, 6-3, as Sheppard got his third and fourth goals of the week and linemates Bobby Schmautz and Johnny Bucyk also scored.

"Am I upset?" said Esposito. "No way. We won the games, didn't we?" On Sunday night Boston beat the Maple Leafs 4-3 in overtime, thus eliminating them in four straight. Toronto had won the battle of the slot, but the Bruins had won the war.

END

IT WAS DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON

But not for the Bulls of Chicago. After years of trying to get past the first round of the playoffs, they finally made it, led by a most unlikely hero who should have been wearing another team's uniform **by PETER CARRY**

An unlikely hero was acclaimed last Saturday afternoon in Chicago. Until his stunning play against Piston Center Bob Lanier in the seventh game of the playoffs, a 96-94 victory that clinched the NBA Western Conference semifinals for the Bulls, the high point of Clifford Ray's career had come when he was identified as the only man in America who looks like Anthony Quinn, Bill Cosby and a buffalo all rolled into one. Outbounding Lanier and outscoring him for most of the deciding game did not change Ray's appearance at all, but it certainly altered his image. Suddenly he seemed to be a rebounder more like Walt Chamberlain than Zorba, a defender more like Bill Russell than Fat Albert and a scorer more like Lanier himself than the backside of an Indian-head nickel.

Ray's transformation was a timely one. Not only was Chicago's Jerry Sloan a sitting Bull, being benched with a foot injury, but Chicago's previous wins in the exhausting series had been squeakers—by five, one and four points. And, said Detroit Coach Ray Scott, "Jerry has been the difference in all three of them." Sloan had been his frenetic self on defense and had made his usual tough, rarely noticed plays on offense, among them setting the ruggedest picks of any guard around, a chore infrequently asked of backcourtmen but a staple in Chicago Coach Dick Motta's tight patterns. Most important, after five games Sloan was leading the Bulls in rebounding even though at 6'5" he is their second shortest starting player.

By the time the two teams returned to Detroit for the sixth game, Sloan had led Chicago, which has been in the playoffs seven of the past eight years, to its first postseason road win and its first lead ever in a playoff series.

With 3:37 gone in that game and Chicago leading 10-3, Sloan strained the fascia along the bottom of his left foot as he pushed off to throw a pass to Forward Chet Walker. Sloan's foot was rewrapped after being shot with cortisone and novocaine and he returned to action

8:03 later—but with less than his usual zip—for the rest of the game Sloan's was only one of four Bulls' injuries that night. The others—Norm Van Lier's twisted ankle, Bob (Butterbean) Love's contused shooting arm and Ray's bruised right knee—were not as serious, but they knocked each of the four out of the lineup long enough to allow the Pistons to scramble back to a 92-88 win. Lanier, who was held to only four points by Ray and the rest of Chicago's sagging defense

in the first two quarters, scored 24 in the second half.

Two days later when Sloan, wearing street clothes and using crutches, came out to the Chicago bench to watch the final game, his appearance in mufti seemed to presage a familiar fate to Bulls' fans: another first-round loss. In fact, throughout this series Chicagoans adopted a stance of skepticism. Only 13,928 per game bothered to go to the 17,374-seat Chicago Stadium to see this tight,



matched—and tightly defensive—series. Detroit fans, who until recently regarded their team with even more pronounced and far more deserved disdain, filled Cobo Arena above capacity (11,055) for all three of its games. This was hardly surprising since the playoffs are virtually a whole new thing in Motor City. Oh, the Pistons were in postseason play six years ago, but nobody attached too much significance to it back then. "We knew that year, even before it started, we weren't going anywhere," says Dave Bang, the only holdover from Detroit's last playoff team. "Our record was under .500, we had backed into the playoffs on the last day of the season and we had Bill Russell and the rest of the Celtics in the first round."

Detroit defensiveness predates even that

loss. It has been 12 years since the Pistons have advanced beyond the opening series, and Scott, then a Detroit player, remembers that occasion well. "We had the Lakers in the second round and those were the days when Elgin Baylor and Jerry West were really blowing people out for L.A. But Johnny Egan and I were rookies and we were dumb enough to think we were gonna win the whole thing until we started getting ready for the sixth and final game on our home floor. You know how we knew it was the final game? We found out when some of the older guys—Don Ohl, Bailey Howell, Jackie Moreland—showed up with trailers already hitched to their cars for the move home for the summer."

In his 1½ years as coach, Scott has rid the team and the town of that kind of thinking. When the season began, the local CBS affiliate did not feel that enough interest existed in pro basketball to warrant televising the game of the week, opting instead for Sir Graves Ghastly and his horror movies. But by midseason Piston crowds were booming, largely because Scott granted interviews to anyone with a question, became Detroit's favorite talk-show guest, conversed pleasantly with old ladies in the street and, most important, molded the Pistons' talented players into the topflight team they could have been years ago. The fans repaid him for it all before the sixth game with a thunderous, prolonged ovation when he was awarded the NBA's Coach of the Year trophy.

Except for some expensive offensive lapses in the closing moments of the second and third games, Scott's players remained externally as calm as their coach, who is nothing if not cool on the outside. Early in the playoffs, however, he was churning inside. Severe chest pains caused by tension had him popping tranquilizers. "I've always gotten nervous like this," he said. "When I was with the Bulls the first time we had a playoff game in Madison Square Garden, everyone else was acting real calm. I was so scared I put my shirt on backwards."

By the end of the sixth game, when the inexperienced Pistons had proved conclusively they would not crack, everything was going Detroit's way. The Pistons won their games more easily than Chicago had its. Scott's substituting, un-

usually liberal for the playoffs, had worked in his team's favor more often than not, the Pistons had settled into a more balanced, flexible offense after Lanier's 38-point outburst in the second game—and Sloan was hurt.

All of which boded well for Detroit, except it did not take Ray into account. But then he should not have been involved in this series at all. He should have been back in Scott's hometown of Philadelphia where the Bulls had sent him and Bob Weiss a year ago for the draft rights to rookie Doug Collins. The deal lasted one day, just long enough for the 76ers to get a good view of Ray's sore left knee, which didn't appeal to them. "If you look at their team, I think they should've kept me even if I had two bad knees," Ray says. But the trade was called off. Ironically, Collins missed most of the past season with a foot injury while Ray underwent surgery and returned to Chicago as the starting center.

In Dick Motta's system the center is permitted to perform such necessary tasks as rebounding, poking and blocking shots. Shooting is not normally part of his job. But the Chicago coach was worried about his offense even before Sloan's injury. Forwards Love and Walker were providing him with their usual exemplary shooting, averaging 45.1 points per game between them, but the rest of the Bulls seemed cowed by the Piston defense, particularly by Lanier whenever any of them moved into his area near the basket.

"We dug like hell every game to find something that would work," Motta said after the series win. "Finally in our meeting yesterday I decided we had to go heavily to the pick-and-roll so we could get Clifford open behind Lanier whenever he moved over to stop our penetration."

By the middle of the third period, Ray had six field goals, and Chicago enjoyed a lead that once ran as high as 19 points. All the while, Ray had defended brilliantly—Lanier had scored only eight points with 3:40 remaining in the third period—and was building his 15-10 rebounding advantage over his rival. It turned out that Chicago needed everything it could get as the Pistons rallied in the closing minutes, with Lanier making a late spurt to finish with 23 points. Motta was happy to settle for a two-point edge. The Pistons had played the Bulls well, but they ended up buffaloed.

END



Clifford Ray soars above teammate Norm Van Lier to pull down one of his 15 rebounds.

Things fall apart; the center cannot hold," wrote William Butler Yeats years ago in language that now describes the state of Little League baseball. All over the country little girls have risen up to sue for the right to play in the Little League, and in New Jersey, where the Superior Court last month ruled that young ladies must be accepted, the initial reaction has been downright manic.

When that state's Appellate Division upheld the Division on Civil Rights order that the league end its bias against girls, the majority of league teams across New Jersey voted to suspend play rather than admit sugar and spice into the lineups. There have been abrasive debates, anonymous phone calls, a march on the capitol at Trenton, packed galleries in the legislature and protest petitions with 50,000 signatures. Assemblyman Christopher Jackman introduced a bill to allow the Little League to play without girls for a year regardless of the court ruling. He warned that if girls played they might get "hurt in their vital parts," but the bill was beaten 39-38. Debate in the Assembly was so grim that no one laughed when Assemblyman Gertrude Berman called the question of girls playing "a broad, broad issue."

When Judge George Gelman, himself a former Little League manager, ruled that Frances Pesatore, an 11-year-old shortstop, must be allowed to play, and then heard counsel for the Ridgely Boys Athletic Organization announce that, therefore, the RBAO would take its ball and go home, also denying 251 boys a chance to play, the judge was flabbergasted. "I don't understand," he said from the bench. "What's the big deal?"

The baring of these ripe emotions over a children's game has astounded even feminists. Judith Weiss, a biologist and local official of the National Organization for Women (NOW) that filed the New Jersey suit, speaks with as much wonder as indignation. "My God," she says, "this particular issue is as fraught with



NOW GEORGY-PORGY RUNS AWAY

Little girls sue for the right to play and some Little Leaguers threaten to quit playing. Here is an explanation of what it's actually all about

by FRANK DEFORD



Swinging for the fences and reading her press clippings, Frances Percego savors victory.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LANE STEWART

far wider grounds. The Jersey verdict was that the Little League is a *place* of public accommodation, as much as a train or a carnival is a "place." This decision gives girls everywhere an opening, and suits are popping up all over. In Connecticut alone, the parents of girls in Wallingford, Fairfield and West Haven are taking or contemplating legal action. In Wilmington, Del. five little girls are plaintiffs in a suit against the Midway Little League, charging unconstitutional discrimination on the basis of sex. Interestingly, the Midway Little League last year recommended that national headquarters in Williamsport, Pa. allow girls to play, but because of economic benefits, such as cut-rate equipment and insurance, Midway has not broken away from the national organization.

The most prominent plaintiff in the Wilmington suit is 9-year-old Kimberly Michele Green, daughter of Dallas Green, the former Phillie pitcher who now directs the club's scouting and farm system. Kimberly began going to spring training with her father soon after she learned to walk, and a sportswriter remembers her as always chasing after baseballs. "I mean if a girl has the skill, she should play," says Kimberly, and her father adds that Little League should be "a fun thing. I'm afraid they've put competition at the level where they've taken the fun out of baseball."

In a perverse sort of way, the spate of lawsuits by girls prompted by their desire to play the game is something of a tribute to baseball. It has never seemed a raw, violent masculine exercise like football or boxing, yet the very fact that baseball is a more subtle game than these makes it all the dearer to those who can distinguish its charms. Strangers to baseball (through geography or sex) tend to become quickly bored and befuddled when they are exposed to the game; by contrast a newcomer can get caught up at once in the simple linear drill of football, basketball or hockey. Just as impor-

continued

emotional backlash as any I've ever seen. We're seeing the same hostility and fanaticism on behalf of segregated baseball as from the right-to-lifers."

In past years the Little League has been able to fend off the feminists. Last year, for example, a federal judge in Detroit dismissed a suit by Carolyn King on the grounds that the court lacked jurisdiction. Miss King is appealing. Whatever

the outcome of that federal case, she did score a breakthrough of sorts last season when the Ypsilanti City Council voted to throw Little League teams off municipal fields unless she could play. The Ypsilanti Little League agreed, and Miss King played the whole season. In retaliation, the national Little League revoked the local charter.

But the cases now are being argued on



Grim Ray Platoni has agreed to let girls play.



Defiant Creighton Hale is going to fight on.

tant, baseball is almost invariably a love that comes early in life, if it is to come at all.

One of the incongruities of the current situation is that baseball, in boyhood, is replaced by girls. In a very funny and perceptive book entitled *The Great American Baseball Card Flipping, Trading and Bubble Gum Book*, Brendan C. Boyd and Fred C. Harris write: "And then one year it was all suddenly over. . . . Somehow baseball did not seem so important to us anymore. . . . We were all looking forward anxiously to high school, to record hops and class rings and making out. Nobody wanted to match pennies for Rocky Nelson. Everybody seemed to have more important things to do."

So swiftly do girls steal boys from their first love that American men still use the argot of the diamond to express themselves romantically. It begins, simply enough, with *the pitch*, but the man who is rejected by a woman has *struck out*—although, probably, he will protest that *she threw me a curve ball*. Most revealing is the very precise universal language of teen-age boys to communicate, in the most familiar way they know, their sexual probing. *Getting to second base* for the first time is an enshrined male adolescent achievement as momentous as obtaining a driver's license or a beer over the bar.

The women may think they are only infiltrating an institution that a female Civil Rights examiner in Jersey characterized "as American as the hot dog and apple pie." But baseball is a great deal more than that—and that's what the uproar is all about. The women aren't just monkeying with men's baseball, but with men's childhood.

Although the hysteria of New Jersey is not to be found in Little League headquarters in Williamsport, Pa., the response there is pained and wide-eyed, with the increasing understanding that hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, unless it be a woman scorned and going to court. The Little League, which represents two million male players in 31 countries on a tight \$800,000 budget, could be emasculated financially by a plethora of court actions, win or lose. Mercifully, the Little League may be saved from throwing good money after bad by Congresswoman Martha Griffiths (D-Mich.), who has initiated action to get the league's federal charter—a

sort of exalted corporate knighthood—amended, changing "boys" to "boys and girls" wherever the term appears.

At least Little Leaguers may soon find company in their misery. Recently in Texas a young girl announced she would initiate proceedings against the Cub Scouts (considered easy pickings by feminists, since they accept surplus federal property), and before much longer the YMCA and Big Brother might also have unwanted days in court.

If the courts accept the New Jersey judgment that the Little League is a public accommodation, the league will try to prove that the differences between little girls and boys are so marked that it is only safe and proper to exclude girls. That is a tall order, because girls of 10 to 12 are a little bigger, on the average, than their male counterparts. Moreover, other physical evidence is conflicting and even if the Little League could prove a clear masculine superiority, there is such a vast physical range among boys as to make the matter almost moot. A boy of eight can qualify for the Little League, but Williamsport's own tests show that most of its best players, chronologically 12, are much "older" in physical development, as much as 16 or 17. Aside from arguing on behalf of the superiority of the male physique, the Little League has taken a Puritanical stance somewhat to the right of Anthony Comstock. The New Jersey judges characterized one such appeal to modesty as "border[ing] on the frivolous," but the Little League persists in volunteering as a protector of little girls' morals as well as their "vital parts."

Dr. Creighton Hale, the Little League president, an otherwise rational man who has contributed a number of vital safety inventions to athletics, solemnly declares, "It just wouldn't be proper for coaches to put girls on the rear end the way they naturally do boys. And suppose a girl gets hurt on the leg? Why that's just not going to go over—some grown man rubbing a little girl's leg."

Scandalous as this possibility is, New Jersey officials were more horrified that vital parts might inadvertently be touched during, say, a close play at second base. And little girls might actually hear an obscenity. And what would happen to the hard and fast rule that catchers must wear cups and managers must hold catchers' cup inspection? And

continued

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SECRET-PORGY cartoon

breast cancer. The Little League has been nearly obsessive in its concern that girls who get hit in the chest with a ball will suffer from breast cancer, despite the fact that a number of doctors say there is no medical evidence to support this contention.

But the real dispute is neither physical nor cosmetic nor medical. The real dispute is social: what identity do we perceive for the sexes in America? Little League psychologists maintain that sex mixing early in life is dangerous because it leads to "role blurring." In Williamsport they distribute with special relish a recent newspaper column by Dr. Joyce Brothers which publicizes the notion that "children need time with members of their own sex to find themselves ... through group strength." And that is the crux of it all. Feminists believe exactly the reverse: that role blurring is not bad, it is what we need in America.

Ridgefield, N.J., where the first female in America will play Little League under force of law, is due west of Manhattan, and from some places in town the Empire State Building can be seen, looming over the ridge out of the smog like some creature rising from Tokyo Bay in a Japanese monster movie. But Ridgefield is no retreat for expense-account swells. Frances Pescatore's mother works, and her father is active in the union. Ridgefield is a union town, polyglot and industrial. It is often said that the limousine liberals in New York understand nothing west of the Hudson River, and Ridgefield is, virtually, where west of the Hudson begins. It is as American as Barbie doll and Little League.

Frances is cuddly cute, off-blond, saucer-eyed, average size and right-handed all the way. She has always played baseball, with an older brother or with her chum Rocco Umbriano next door. She even plays tackle football with them. "It's so cool," she says. "They don't even treat me like a girl." For the last couple of years she has tried to join Rocco in the Little League, and this March she finally went to court with a classic affidavit: "I am 11 years old, and therefore three years of my career have been wasted."

Ray Platoni lives only a few blocks away from Frances. A middle-aged bachelor, a chemist, he spends most of his spare time running the Ridgefield

cartooned



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Boys Athletic Organization. Despite being crippled by polio as an infant, he has umpired more than a thousand games and has been a Little League volunteer worker since 1954. No one seems more sincere and devoted than Ray Platoni.

The courts, the state legislature, the governor and even the RBAO women's auxiliary have all ruled for bisexual baseball, but Platoni does not seem embittered in defeat—just baffled, disoriented. Like a lot of middle-aged people in all the Ridgewoods of America, he cannot understand how the assured, unchallenged verities of a lifetime can be so swiftly, arbitrarily changed.

For men like Ray Platoni, things have gotten inexplicably out of all control. "Can't people understand?" he asked plaintively at supper one night. "We've had boys getting broken noses, smashed teeth. Boys can get along real fine in that way, but girls are disgraced for life. And you feel like you're wasting your time with girls. They get to be 13 or 14 and they become amorous and lose interest."

"Now, we have nothing against little girls, but we set this program up for the boys all the way down the line. If we have to accept one girl it will degrade the whole program." He looked up, his gaze far off. "What is it, what is it when a group of free men, supposedly free men, can't help the boys of their town? What has happened then?" He shrugged helplessly.

Soon he finished eating and put on his jacket. "I'll be down at the clubhouse if anybody wants me, Mom," he said.

A week later, Platoni and his majority on the RBAO board capitulated and decided they would run an integrated baseball program after all. It was either that or forfeit the work of a lifetime. And besides, as some people in town said, if the men gave up running the Little League they would have to give up their clubhouse with it, and where else could they hold the big Friday night stag poker game and get away from their old ladies one night a week?

In victory, the feminists talk grandly, glibly, of eugenics and of becoming, a few generations from now, the athletic equals of men. But now they are not even close, and each time women establish in law that separate but equal cannot be accepted in sports, they risk losing what modest programs they have.

Female physical education teachers fear the demise of girls' teams—and their

continued

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Wunderwagon.

But, emotionally, beneath the surface, the Sportwagon is a different story. Chassis-wise, it's a close relative of its sporty counterpart, the Opel Manta Coupe. With rack-and-pinion steering, front and rear stabilizer bars, power front disc brakes, 4-speed transmission (an automatic is also available)—the works. Underneath, it's a German machine.

The cockpit.

Inside, if you put aside the fact that you have all that cargo space behind you, the Sportwagon cockpit looks and feels like an expensive grand touring car. A large black, full-sweep tachometer is standard. To the right is a center console that houses a clock, oil pressure and amp gauges. Typical of the Deutschlandic demand for comfort, the bucket seats recline to virtual full-prone, if desired.

On the road.

Like any German machine, the Sportwagon is at its best when you put it in motion. A twist of the key and the needles on the dials spring to attention. The little cam-in-head-4 hums pleasantly ahead of you, the vinyl-covered steering wheel responds to the touch, and suddenly, without fuss, noise or bother, you're spanning time and distance. A sharp turn, a sudden stop—you ask and the car responds with German authority. And yet, for all the Sportwagon's ability to excite, it still delivers the kind of frugality that has helped make Opel the best selling car in Germany. And in a country as demanding as Germany, being the best selling anything is no mean feat.

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jobs as well. The New York City girls' power volleyball program is threatened by a judgment that men can enter it. Male college and high school students have gone out for girls' field hockey and swimming teams, and last week in Dumont, N.J. boys were turned away from the girls' softball league because of their sex. How can the Division on Civil Rights in New Jersey tolerate all-female softball any more than all-male hardball? The Little League's Pony Tail softball program could be, Dr. Hale says, the largest in the world within five years, but application of the Jersey ruling would wipe it out as being unconstitutional. "More girls can play softball than ever play baseball," he says. "The girls are getting the short end of the stick as it is. The great irony in this whole thing is that the people who for so long attacked the Little League as being bad for boys, too competitive for them, are now precisely the ones who are anxious for girls to share this awful traumatic experience."

Carol Forbes, a law student and mother from Virginia who helped force integration upon the Soapbox Derby and has been the prime mover in helping Congresswoman Griffiths try to amend the Little League charter, says, "In the end, these verdicts will mean more people playing more games. And you've got to get the little girls playing with the little boys. Sports is vital in determining aggressiveness and competitiveness in life, and of course the men want to buy us off with separate but equal. We will not accept that. The failure to compete with men in sports infiltrates every facet of our lives. And if they don't let us compete with them, there are a couple things we can do. We can breed back down the line—no breeding anymore with the Andy Robustellis. Just the Nurteyvs. That way we will just eliminate the larger, tougher male genetic lines. And, of course, since the sex of a fetus can be determined so early now, we can just stop having boy babies."

"You can see, sweetie," Ms. Forbes says, very gently and very ladylike, "we do have options."

So do the boys. At the Midway try-outs in Wilmington, 10-year-old Michael Oybkhan objected to girls playing. "When I try to pitch, I'll probably hit 'em," he warned.

On purpose?

"No. I pitch lousy."

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Elephant, Pa is the last resting place of Umstead Drube, who lies beneath the sod across from an old church with stained-glass windows. Driving past the church, Don Meredith glances at the tombstone and reflects on his own need to find serenity, though not so final as Umstead Drube's. A few miles from the church, up a dirt road through the woods, Meredith hikes out with his wife Susan and son Michael in an old house on a hill, surrounded by 21 acres of trees, fields and ponds and guarded by a sign that says:

STOP NO TRESPASSING
VIOLATORS WILL BE PROSECUTED

And then, with the wry sort of afterthought that marks much of what Meredith does, the sign continues:

TRAINED DOG

For the past four years Meredith has been one-third of the vocal group on what he calls *The Monday Night Freak Show*, the ABC pro football telecast that in terms of celebrity-making is the grandest thing Meredith, Howard Cosell or Frank Gifford ever did. Neither Meredith and Gifford on the football field nor Cosell in his notorious television encounters with the likes of Muhammad Ali had ever come close to being as wide-

as noted as they have been as a result of Monday night football. (At the start of the show's second season Gifford replaced Keith Jackson, who moved on to NCAA football where his voice is often heard giving information but his face and personality remain a mystery to viewers.)

But not long ago, searching for something further to do with his life, Meredith decided he was fed up with Monday night football and he quit ABC. He was tired of being called Dandy Don and Dunderoo. He decided professional football bored him to the point where he no longer had anything pleasant to say about it. In fact, Meredith had decided those things many times and had threatened to quit the show so frequently that Rooney Arledge, president of ABC Sports, says half the time last season they were unsure if Meredith would arrive at the broadcast booth on Monday night.

When Meredith finally decided to quit Monday night football for a grand final time, he did a possibly strange thing: He signed what amounts to a personal service contract (two years and an option) with NBC. Herbert S. Schlosser, new NBC president, and the entertainment division of the network won Meredith

over with promises to help him develop a career as an actor. They offered to work him into leads in several TV movies and to consider him for series pilots to be developed. Carl Lindemann, head of sports at NBC, had scarcely met Meredith until after the contract was signed. So it looked as if a restless Meredith, at 36, was moving on in his quest for the thing that satisfies him.

But NBC has announced Meredith will appear on 10 pro football telecasts this coming season, including the Super Bowl, and will do two or three Monday night baseball specials. "Plus, I guess, any other sports that make sense," says Chet Simmons, a vice-president of sports operations for the network. The plan is for Meredith to team with Curt Gowdy and Al DeRegatis on Sunday afternoon AFC games where, by comparison with the old Monday Night Freak Show exposure—he could become practically invisible.

Meredith also will be on call as guest host on the *Tonight Show* and will work on the *Todman* show. The rest of the time, he can be an actor. NBC has some people right now trying to think up a character for him to play in the movies; it won't do, evidently, for Dandy Don to

THE DEFECTION OF DANDY DON

Restless in his snappish role on the Monday Night Freak Show, Meredith has changed networks and hopes to make another entrance under a new billing that calls for less bile

by EDWIN SHRAKE



race around shooting it out with thugs, as he did in his two appearances on the *Police Story* series.

"It's kind of like when I left high school in Mount Vernon, Texas, to go to SMU," Meredith said, walking across the yard toward his house in Elephant, a town named for the decrepit Elephant Hotel, which sort of looks like one. "It

was a big, spooky world out there, and I didn't know what to expect, but I knew this was what I was supposed to do. I'm scared to death."

Meredith's contract at NBC is said to call for about \$200,000 a year. The most he ever made in salary at ABC was \$40,000 a year, although his earnings from other sources—partly attributable, of

course, to the power of his Monday night celebrity—amounted to more than 10 times that in 1973. It is certainly not financial ruin that Meredith fears, but a profounder kind of failure.

"My deepest fear is that one day I'm going to find out this is all there is to life, and it won't be enough," he said.

An 8-year-old neighbor boy ran across the yard as Meredith opened the door to his screened-in porch.

"Mr. Meredith, can you come out and play?" the boy said. "I brought my own football."

"Maybe later," said Meredith.

In the kitchen a couple of neighbors sat at the table with Susan, telling her about their trip to Walt Disney World. One reason Meredith sought out a place like Elephant is because it is somewhere in the wilds outside Philadelphia and not easily reached by drop-ins. Meredith has very few close friends but a terrific number of acquaintances. He tried for a while to settle in Colorado, in Aspen or Steamboat Springs, but the social life drove him out. "Some people, like Frank Gifford, can take that kind of life in stride and not be damaged, but I let it destroy me," Meredith said.

A dark, pretty woman who used to be married to actor Keir Dullea, Susan smiled and listened to tales about Walt Disney World and kept looking down at Dunk, the trained dog referred to on the sign. Dunk, a hairy little creature who travels on airplanes in Susan's purse, was feeling fairly messed-around that afternoon. A few days earlier Amigo, a big Irish setter puppy, had playfully clamped his jaws on the back of Dunk's head and made one of his eyeballs pop out.

Stretching it a bit, one could say that's roughly what Meredith did to Cosell on several occasions last season. The ABC Monday night format had called for Gifford to keep America advised of the score while Cosell made 1-tell-it-like-it-is-better-than-anybody speeches and Meredith sang songs, commented on supposedly inside aspects of the game and now and then punctured Cosell's rhetoric with interjections of good old country boy cactus mouth. But last season there was a hard edge to Meredith's remarks that hadn't been there before, and Cosell expressed a kind of pained surprise.

ronniard



as though Meredith had inexplicably thrown a drink in his face.

"I was pretty snippy to Howard last year," Meredith said. "I started being that way at the beginning of the season, cooled it when I realized what I was doing, and then got worse than ever at the end. I don't know why I did that. I like Howard, I really do. I mean, he's very weird but I respect him. I think it was pure frustration on my part. I wasn't satisfied with myself, so I took it out on Howard."

Cosell noticed. "It was a difficult year for Don," he said. "I know he felt a great deal of frustration. I love him. Don is warm, generous and mixed-up. He doesn't know what he wants to do. Inconsistency is his stable point."

Cosell seemed exhausted. He had just come back from working the Foreman-Norton fight in Venezuela for ABC's *Wide World of Sports*, only one of several TV jobs he had done in the past week, not to mention 24 radio shows. The first plane out of Caracas had failed to lift itself off the runway and had braked a few yards short of the ocean. On board, in addition to Cosell, his wife Emmy and a number of other souls, were Muhammad Ali and Joe Louis. "I was thinking what terrible luck it would be for me to get killed in a plane crash with two guys who'd grab all the headlines," he said wearily.

At 54, Cosell also is looking for some way to expand his life beyond sports announcing. He is thinking very seriously

of running for the U.S. Senate from New York (what voter could resist sending Cosell to heckle the Senate?). "I might have beaten Dandy Don to quitting except I have one more year on my contract," Cosell said. "Sports don't excite me any more than they do him. I can understand that he's tired of being Dandy Don. I've heard him say he wants to write poetry or a book or do oil painting. Now his dream is drama. Deep inside Don feels he can be a latter-day Will Rogers. Maybe he can. I'm going to miss him, and so will our package. There can be no doubt our chemistry worked with the American people."

"There's nothing wrong with someone wanting to change his life, but I'll miss Don, especially the fun we had traveling together," said Gifford, 44, who is negotiating a new contract with ABC-TV. As the mellow member of the threesome, Gifford sometimes had to act like something of a traffic cop directing gibberish and insults around the problem at hand, which was the football game. "Coming in, nobody can do the same thing for us that Don did. I think he'll be sensational as an actor. He'll be a superstar if he works at it."

"But we'll be all right without him," Gifford said. "We've got the product. We've brightened up Monday nights for a tremendous lot of people. The players play differently on Monday night in prime time than they do on Sundays. The players are sophisticated enough to realize the extra twist they're getting on our show, and they really screw it down tight. I find it very interesting. Too bad Don doesn't. You know, Don started off in life to be a preacher, and maybe I could think of odder things than if he wound up as one."

Some people in the TV business say that Roone Arledge is so far ahead of his competition in televising sports events that the others have fallen into reacting to what ABC does. Roone would not claw his way to a microphone to deny it. Whether that estimate is true or not, Monday night football has the highest rating of any regular show on ABC, and its commercials sell for \$100,000 a minute, as opposed to \$46,500 for NBC pro football. Losing Meredith to NBC was certainly not an easy bite for Arledge to swallow.

"We finally offered Don very nearly



WE HAVE brightened up Monday nights for a tremendous lot of people, says Frank Gifford.

the same deal as NBC, with movies and pilots and so forth, and he told me four different times he'd take our deal, but then he went with NBC," said Arledge. "When I heard about it, I called him up and played him a Kris Kristofferson song that says the game is over and nobody won. I suppose I should be annoyed with Meredith, but I'm not. Don's a guy you can't help but love. Changing his mind a lot is just the way he does things."

"It bothers me that the thing Don really liked about NBC was that they said they wanted him as an actor instead of as a sports announcer—but everything they've done lately leads me to believe it could turn out otherwise. Don is scarred by his experience playing quarterback in Dallas. He's got a negative attitude toward his past. I wish he could have stayed at Dallas a while longer and played in a Super Bowl. Maybe that would have driven out his demons. He's got an absolute fetish about not wanting to be Dandy Don, but the truth is the Dandy Don character is pretty close to being the real Meredith."

Arledge flew to Los Angeles and even to Elephant trying to persuade Meredith to stay with ABC. "But he was adamant about not doing Monday night football anymore," Roone said. "One thing that bothers him is the Cosell-Meredith tandem. The first year of our show, Meredith won an Emmy, he was the star. Then Howard started coming on strong, wrote a best-selling book. So Don begins acting in *Pollster Story*. If you analyze that show, it's Howard and Don all over again—one partner tense and ambitious, the other loose and screwed-up. I don't understand, anyway, why Don thinks it's



HE MIGHT have beaten Meredith to quitting, says Howard Cosell, but for his ABC contract.



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1946

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Bag Boy GOLF CARTS

Two wheels, four wheels, six wheels.

DANDY DON *continued*

better to play a cop on TV than to talk about football on TV."

It is possible that Meredith got out at the right time, that Monday night football might have run its course, but Arledge doesn't believe that. "Monday night is a happening," he said. "The league is committed to giving us good games, and we'll have a show that people will enjoy. I don't know yet who our third man will be, but he'll be someone with a strongly definable personality. It's not out of the question that it could be Joe Namath."

"I'm sorry Don quit us when he did. I have a gut feeling the day of the anti-hero is passing. People are looking for heroes. Don wore the white hat for us, and Howard was the man in the black hat. Don won't be able to do that with DeLoaris. I hate to lose Don. He's a good friend and a hell of a guy and has been very important to us. I hope he made the right decision."

One afternoon, sitting in the basement of the house on the hill in Elephant, watching the fire start to catch and listening to a Jerry Jeff Walker album, Meredith looked up to see the 8-year-old neighbor boy in the doorway again. "Michael's crying," the boy said.

Meredith went outside. On a slope above a field of winter wheat lay Michael, 6, holding his leg in pain. Don knelt down and comforted his son. "Daddy, I don't want to play football," Michael said.

"That's all right," said Meredith. "You don't have to play football."

"Next year I'm going to be a running back," the neighbor boy said.

"Why do you want to play football?" asked Meredith.

"To win trophies," the boy said.

"Any other reason?"

"Well, I like to play," the boy said.

"That's a good reason," said Meredith.

"Now will you throw the ball with me?" the neighbor boy said.

"When an 8-year-old comes over to play with a 6-year-old's father, something has gone wrong somewhere," said Meredith.

Meredith lobbed the ball to the neighbor boy a few times, hugged Michael again and went back inside, where the one-eyed Dunk had gone to sleep in his chair. As Unstead Drube might have said, "Be careful of looking for peace, it's liable to find you."

END



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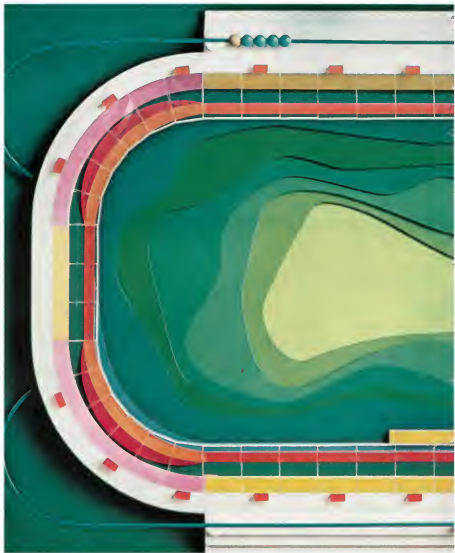
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SPRUCING UP AN OLD



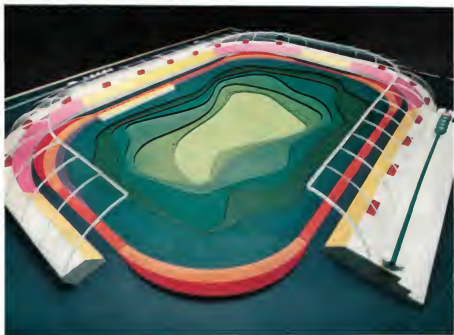
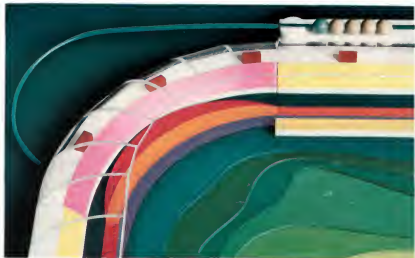
SPEEDWAY

Rebuilding the Backyard is a game that any number can play and the result is a grander future back home in Indiana.



The place is a lovable antique that, most folks agree, needs a face-lift, and one of the more popular parlor pastimes at this time of year is how one would change Indy, if it were possible. As in all such activities, money is no object. The model Speedway at left, costly beyond anybody's reach, is the end result of the game as played by a panel of experts, consolidating their suggestions into a single dream Indy. All agreed on several items: infield obstructions are out, parking has been moved underground and the infield itself is lowered considerably and terraced. A figure-eight monorail would whisk fans from lower levels to the stands. Both track (orange) and stands are covered with clear plastic to permit all-weather racing. Gasoline Alley has been incorporated into the pits (the yellow box inside the track), and the pit road (light blue) has been stretched for safer entry and exit. Daytona-type high banking has been installed at the corners (dark red) to handle stock-car racing. From these points, the experts take off on the pages that follow, detailing their individual proposals for bringing Indy up to date.

CONTINUED



TO START OUT, DIG IN

by GWILYM S. BROWN

Closer view of the No. 1 Turn shows the extended pit exit designed for safer traffic flow running just below banks especially installed to accommodate Grand National stock car races. Under the plastic roof, private luxury suites (orange boxes) are spotted along the top of the grandstands.

With overhanging roof and corner cut away, a look into No. 2 Turn reveals the terraced sunken infield, the yellow-roofed pit structure which incorporates a relocated Gasoline Alley, the main monorail stations atop the stands and a proposed ramped parking system behind grandstands.

MODEL BY ASDUR TAKAKJIAN

Andy Granatelli drove there, crashed there—and doggedly sponsored 35 losing cars before getting his first winner there. He says, with reverence, "I just love the whole aroma of the place."

"Indy is the big league," says Parnelli Jones, who raced from 1961 to 1967, won the 500 in 1963 and now sponsors three Indy cars. "You would no sooner change the shape of the Speedway's 2½ miles than you would change the shape of a baseball diamond."

Dan Gurney, builder of the American Eagle race cars, driver in nine Indy 500s, a crowd favorite who never won the Memorial Day classic, says, "Indy set the style for racing today."

"Every major racing event, this 500 included, should be a giant festival," says Bill France, longtime NASCAR kingpin whose Daytona and Talladega International Speedways are among the most modern in the racing world.

None of the four would tamper with Indy tradition, the so-called *aroma* that has made the race a part of the American subconscious. Instead, the panelists proposed a redesigned Brickyard that emerges as a 21st-century Speedway built to oldtime size and scale.

Before outlining their own visions, they agreed that a new Indy would start with a hole in the ground, something suitably crater-sized in the infield. At the bottom would go underground parking, as many levels as needed for the more than 30,000 cars that now crowd the infield. Running through the parking chamber in a figure-eight pattern, a monorail system would transport fans to the stands.

Above the garage roof, the infield floor would still be about 150 feet below track level at its deepest point, sloping upward in graceful terraces, with landscaped paths, picnic sites and camping areas. The key benefit, in addition to the esthetics, would be the unobstructed view offered spectators from the stands and from the upper terraces inside the track.

Race watchers could see the cars in action all the way around; on the inside, fans could look up comfortably, their view unimpeded by tall trees or structures. An infield barrier system would protect spectators from runaway race cars attempting to get on the grass.

Beyond such cosmetic touches, Bill France would insist on certain revenue-attracting measures: high-banked Daytona-type turns at the four corners so the Speedway could offer major stock-car and motorcycle racing; possibly a road track snaking through the infield for sports car and Formula 1 events. He also would shield campsites with suitable shrubbery "so they wouldn't look honky-tonk from the stands," and install a low-level amusement park off to one side, à la Le Mans, that could bring in money all year round. France's monorail would go further than the other panelists anticipate, circling high over the track and infield to offer overhead views of the race. Finally, he would put ramps at the rear of the main grandstands so fans could wheel in and park at their seating level.

Granatelli sees a future Indy of supreme safety: he would move all fuel tanks underground, line both sides of the

continued



ANDY GRANATELLI



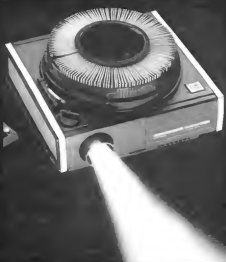
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SPEEDWAY

continued

track with fire-doubling material triggered upon impact, paint all walls—even the track surface—with "some sort of rubberized asbestos" and suspend fire extinguishers over each pit.

Gurney's barrier walls would be cantilevered inward so that no car could vault into the stands or infield. He would make the walls of an as-yet-undeveloped transparent plastic so fans could see through them and feel closer to the action.

Jones also depends on plastics of the future for his cantilevered transparent roof covering both stands and track to permit all-weather racing. Further, he would line the track with compressed-air jets whose blasts would dry the surface in minutes. And for a final fillip, Jones foresees temperature-control piping hidden beneath the track surface to either cool or warm it so that racing and tire testing could be run at precise temperatures in winter or summer.

All the experts would redesign and stretch the pit area, relocating entry and exit roads for greater safety—and in the shuffle, old Gasoline Alley would be gone. The modern new garage area would reappear behind the pits, and could be roofed with transparent plastic so fans could look down on all the action inside.

And among those looking on, Gurney suggests, might be students of racing as a science. His fondest Indy dream envisions a college research center on the spot, a sort of Indy Tech, where experts could study fuels, engineering and automotive safety in action. "The timeworn defense of auto racing has always been that it improves the breed," he says. "But this laboratory could lend new truth to that claim."

There are several other touches to tomorrow's Indy: since there is no rule that a track must be black, the experts propose color—say orange straightaways blending into darker reds for corners and banked turns, perhaps a blue pit road—all the better for drivers to focus on.

Admittedly, the entire plan would be easier to realize if one were to abandon Indy, find a new site someplace, dig a hole and start over. Never. Creative dreaming about redesigning Indy is fine, but one would never move the old place. For one thing it might mean the panelists would have to compose a new theme song to replace *Rock Home Again in Indiana*. And that would be carrying renovation too far.

END

"I don't drive the car for the prestige.
I drive it for my own feelings
of satisfaction." Robert Orr, D.O.



Dr. Robert C. Orr, osteopathic physician and surgeon in Detroit, Michigan, talks about how he feels about cars in general and Cadillacs in particular. He presently owns a Fleetwood Brougham.

"I like a big car. I like the style of the Fleetwood. I've had friends of mine who had Cadillacs mention that they are good riding cars, and I find this to be true. I believe in buying a big, substantial car that also has weight to it, because, on a trip I want to be in a car I feel comfortable in.

"I've had some long distance rides with the car and it's very satisfactory. I've been down to Florida with it, with the whole family in the car, and I couldn't expect a nicer trip.

"I don't drive the car for the prestige. I drive it for my own feelings of satisfaction. And there's another big factor, and that is I feel that a Cadillac is worth the price. To figure it out statistically, I'm in the car between 12 and 15% of my waking hours. And my feeling is that I want to drive a comfortable car."

On the question of age, he said, "I see no differentiation between a young person or an older person driving a Cadillac—whether it's a Fleetwood Brougham or an Eldorado."

Cadillac 



Cadillac Motor Car Division, General Motors Corp.



There are times when Dominick J. Pyrone of Yonkers, N.Y., a biologist, striped-bass fisherman and avid conservationist, goes to sleep wishing he could be governor. For just a week. Governor! In San Bruno, Calif., Larry Green, a writer, striped-bass fisherman and avid conservationist, would love to be governor. By God, he would set things right! From one end of the U.S. to the other, conservationists, fed up with what they consider political hot air, go around daydreaming of what they would do if they were governor.

Except for one: Francis W. Sargent of

MAVERICK HEAD OF AN ODD STATE

A different drum rolls for the people of Massachusetts; Francis Sargent hears it loud and clear

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Dover, Mass., a sporting-goods store owner, former charter-boat skipper, striped-bass fisherman and avid conservationist. He is the governor of Massachusetts.

A Republican in a state that is not only heavily Democratic but Kennedy country, Sargent became involved in public life by happenstance some 30 years ago when he led a fight against the illegal netting of striped bass. Two other governors, Tom McCall of Oregon and Dan Evans of Washington, also have excellent credentials as conservationists, but Sargent is the only state executive who ascended to office through the ranks of the fish-and-game bureaucracy. Certain-

ly no other governor ever has led the technical discussions of a North American Wildlife Conference on such abuse matters as "Groundfish Stocks of the Western North Atlantic" and "Growth Rates in Alaskan Beaver," or has been cited by name, with thanks, in such an esteemed scientific work as Bigelow and Schroeder's *Fishes of the Gulf of Maine*. And has any other governor given surf-casting exhibitions?

So what is it like to be a conservationist governor, Walter Mitty fulfilled? Can you do anything you want to do? Can you give striped bass the vote? Would you rule marshes sacrosanct? What stand do you take on gun legislation? Dr land use? What are the pressures of the office? Do you abandon your old friends as eco-freaks? In brief, what can you really accomplish in this particular area?

"As a governor, you're not a dictator," says Sargent, who has now been in office five years. "You have to be able to persuade the people. One of the problems is getting too far out in front of public opinion." One night in February 1970, Sargent did get out in front of public opinion. He went on statewide television to announce, "I have decided to reverse the transportation policy of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts . . . [Our] plan will be based on . . . not where an expressway should be built, but whether it should be built at all." With that, virtually all superhighway construction in the Boston area stopped, and \$800 million in federal aid was diverted from highways to mass transit. More than \$100 million had been spent on a huge stretch of eight-lane Interstate 93 into Boston when Sargent blew the whistle, but for all the sermons of fiscal fiasco and the derisive nickname of "The Road That Goes Nowhere," Sargent refused to let I-93 be completed. Similarly, he prevented construction of Interstate 95 into the city because it would crowd Fowl Meadow Reservation, a section of park land. "It's part of the livability of New England," says Sargent of the area, "and it's part of the reason why people who come from Los Angeles, to use a horrible example are intrigued by the Boston area."

On the highway issue, Sargent might seem to be just another clever pol who

guessed right about public opinion—Bay Staters quickly accepted his abrupt policy reversal—but that decision has been only one of a number that have caused a stir. He told the Boston Port Authority that if it went ahead with expansion of Logan International Airport, he would abolish the authority. That body, hitherto untouchable, sharply reduced its expansion plans. He took on the insurance industry by signing the first no-fault auto legislation in the country. A chief executive who knows how to get maximum mileage out of an issue, he went on TV to sign the bill when insurance companies hinted they would not write any more policies in the state. Sargent told viewers, "And now the crisis is upon us. . . I will not succumb to threats. I will not be blackmailed by an industry that has lived well and profitably in Massachusetts." If Sargent relies heavily on TV—he seems to be on as much as reruns of *I Love Lucy*—it is because he projects so well. He is tall and lean with boyish (for a man of 59) good looks and wears a gold fishhook tie clip to complete the outdoorsy picture; a political rival has called him "the Marlboro Man."

With "Sarge in charge"—one of his electrifying slogans—hubbub abounded in the Hub. He has proposed eliminating 2,000 state jobs and 150 boards and commissions, and stuffing the remainder into 10 agencies in a cabinet-style government. This has not set well with many of his supporters, including hunters and fishermen who fear that the Fish and Game Board will be lost in the new Executive Office of Environmental Affairs. In their minds the department is full of do-gooders who wouldn't know a dry fly from a partridge.

So Francis Sargent is not just any other governor, and Massachusetts is not, in his words, "just any state." Sargent likes to quote Daniel Webster: "Massachusetts . . . there she is." From the Pilgrim Fathers and the shot heard round the world near Lexington to the thinkers at Harvard and the dynasty of the Celtics, Massachusetts has meant some grand and odd things. Massachusetts was the only state to vote against Richard Nixon in 1972. "Don't Blame Me—I'm From Mass." say the bumper stickers.

Under Sargent's urging, the legislature once declared the Vietnam war unconstitutional, and has extended the commonwealth's jurisdiction over the Atlantic Ocean 200 miles out to sea, in essence telling the Soviet fishing fleet to go home. While unquestionably a popular stand, especially among fishermen, it is totally unenforceable in international law.

Not long ago the *Los Angeles Times* dispatched Staff Writer Robert A. Jones to Massachusetts to find out the reasons for the eccentric ways of the commonwealth. Jones duly reported that Massachusetts is indeed "a peculiar state with peculiar tastes," and that "just as President Nixon has accomplished political détente with Russia and China through diplomatic overtures that may have been denied a Democratic President, so Sargent has introduced reforms that are accepted in part because they come from so unexpected a source." Sargent, very pleased by the story, says he enjoys being "a maverick governor of a maverick state."

In a way, it is surprising that Sargent has climbed to the top of the political pile in Massachusetts, not only because he is a Republican but because he is a Boston Brahmin. In the rough-and-tumble world of Massachusetts politics, dominated by Italians and Irish, Brahmins are regarded as singularly ill-equipped. But Sargent has the knack of sizing up a situation and turning it to advantage. When it comes to handshaking, he makes Nelson Rockefeller look like a withered reed. In private conversation he can suddenly start performing a multi-character skit in the manner of Jonathan Winters to describe, say, his meetings with rural rod-and-gun clubs in the distant days when he was Director of Marine Fisheries ("Fawge will be down in a minute when he's finished upmin' the ladies' basketball up at the Grange.") One State House regular says, "I like the governor, but it's impossible to have a serious conversation with him for 20 minutes before he starts cracking jokes."

Natural history, hunting, fishing, skiing and mountain climbing have always been important to Sargent. His father died when he was three and his boyhood years were greatly influenced by his grandfather, George Lee, a former New

continued

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England amateur boxing and stealing champion who encouraged his love of the outdoors. George Lee also indirectly affected the political fortunes of his grandson by marrying an Italian lady, Eva Ballantine, whom he met while on a tour of Europe. Sargent, not at all unmindful of the importance of the ethnic vote in Massachusetts, is quick to cite his grandmother's origins while campaigning in certain neighborhoods. To the dismay of rivals, Sargent comes on smiling as a certified member of the Brantree Lodge of the Sons of Italy. Indeed, when inducted into the Sons, he remarked, to a roar of appreciation, "My grandmother, Eva Ballantine, would have said, 'Francesco, I expected you to be a governor, but for you to become a member of the Brantree Lodge of the Sons of Italy, I am thrilled.'"

Sargent prepared for college at Noble and Greenough, but passed up Harvard to study architecture at MIT. On a skating weekend he met Jessie Fay, whom he married in 1938. Mrs. Sargent has been active in child care, mental health and urban housing, and she has just written a book, *The Governor's Wife*. The Sargents have two married daughters—Jay, who runs a riding stable, and Fay, a professional photographer—and a son, Bill, who is a marine biologist.

After graduating from MIT, Sargent worked for the architectural firm of Coolidge Shepley Bulfinch and Abbott as a draftsman, leaving to work as a carpenter for a general contractor to learn the building trade. He then started his own firm named—“would you believe it?” he asks—Sargent & Sweeney. In 1942 he enlisted in the Army, volunteered for the ski troops and rose from private to captain while serving with the 10th Mountain Division in Italy, where he was twice wounded and decorated.

After the war Sargent found that life in the ski troops had confirmed his love of the outdoors, and he gave up architecture to settle in Orleans on Cape Cod to earn a living “doing the things I loved doing, hunting and fishing.”

In the fall he worked as a duck guide, in the winter he fished commercially for lobster and huli-but, and in the spring and summer he ran a charter boat, the *Son's* wester, out of Rock Harbor. He also started a sporting-goods store, the Goose Hummock Shop in Orleans, now a sort of mini-Abercrombie & Fitch. One of the shop's early best-sellers was a goose de-

vory that Sargent carved out of cork insulation board and the float from a net.

Chartering out of Rock Harbor in 1946, Sargent began to hear stories about netters illegally setting striped bass at night. He checked, found out the reports were true and started a crusade to have the abuse stopped. He was so successful that Governor Robert F. Bradford asked him to become the state's Director of Marine Fisheries. Sargent agreed to take the job for a couple of months in the winter of 1947, then wound up staying for 10 years.

Commercial fishermen were upset by the appointment of a man they considered an amateur and dilettante, but Sargent surprised them by shipping out with the Boston trawler fleet and working as one of the crew on the Grand Banks. He also devoted considerable time to speaking to rod-and-gun clubs, garden clubs, Audubon groups and the like about the dangers of pollution. “I used to be kind of a voice in the wilderness, railing against pollution of our tidal waters and marshes,” he says. “Today if you're running for sewer commissioner or tree commissioner you're for the environment. Everybody is for the environment.” Looking back on those days, Sargent says, “Some hunters and fishermen listened, but others were more interested in how many trout you were going to stock in Round Pond, even though a developer might pollute the pond.”

Between 1959 and 1962 Sargent was in Washington as executive director of the U.S. Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission, and continued to stir up support for his latest crusade: establishment of a Cape Cod National Seashore. Alarmed by the tasteless developments, shopping centers, “leaning towers of pizza” and assorted “crud” moving along the coast toward the Cape, Sargent was the only public figure in the state to back such a move. Despite opposition from some landowners and business interests, he urged the plan at meetings up and down the Cape, and in Washington he enlisted the help of Senator John F. Kennedy. He had less success at the start with a fellow Republican, Senator Leverett Saltonstall, who said, “How can I back the bill with the letters I get?” Sargent asked to see the letters, read through them, and pointed out to Saltonstall that the writers mostly represented minority interests. Saltonstall came around. The Cape Cod National Seashore, which con-

—continued



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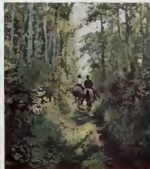
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sists of 44,600 acres of land with 40 miles of shoreline on the Great Beach and 10 miles flanking Cape Cod Bay, came into being in August of 1961.

At the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission, Sargent supervised a staff that issued many recommendations. Some, such as the call for a Bureau of Outdoor Recreation in the Interior Department, were adopted. Others, like the pressing need for a national system of public beaches on the Great Lakes and the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, were buried in red tape.

In 1961 Sargent declined an offer from President Kennedy to head the National Park Service and another from Governor Pat Brown to become California Director of Parks and Recreation, in order to return to Massachusetts. He had become friendly with Senator Gaylord Nelson, who said that he had won the governorship of Wisconsin and then his Senate seat by speaking out on conservation issues. Nelson, a Democrat, urged Sargent, a Republican, to do the same.

Back home, Sargent campaigned on the Cape for nomination to the state senate. He lost because of lack of time and poor organization but kept his eye on elective office so "I could make things happen, rather than react to what was already done." Losing in the primary was a blessing in disguise. When he next ran it was for the post of lieutenant governor and he won. That put him in line to succeed to the governorship when John Volpe resigned in 1969 to become Secretary of Transportation in the Nixon Cabinet.

As lieutenant governor, Sargent seized whatever opportunities came his way to speak out on sensitive issues. When the National Rifle Association held its convention in Boston, he was asked to deliver the greetings of the commonwealth. He did more than that. He told the NRA he was for gun control, and that he had as much right as anyone in the NRA to speak out because 1) he had handled firearms since he was a boy, 2) he had had the job of licensing every hunter in the state, 3) he owned a sporting-goods store that sold guns, and 4) he not only had served in the Army but had been on the rifle demonstration team at Fort Benning. Sargent has since added to gun-control measures in Massachusetts. Prior to his election as lieutenant governor, any buyer of a hand gun had to be licensed by the local police chief. Now the law

requires that the owner of any firearm has to register and obtain an identification card from the state police.

As governor, Sargent has unleashed a blizzard of legislation upon the general court, much of it involving conservation or the environment—"the most of any administration in the history of the state," he says. This legislation, at the heart of Sargent's program, is based on several themes that he keeps repeating. They are that Massachusetts—and the rest of the country—is in a mess because Americans have made "hogs" of themselves in consuming resources. To clean up the mess, "the ecological approach must be adopted as the fundamental premise for all public decision making." However—and here is where Sargent parts company with some environmentalists—"This does not mean a perspective only to preserving nature." The ecological approach must include economic considerations, "the material as well as . . . natural environment." Sargent is opposed to "either/or" solutions proposed by industrialists or conservationists, but prefers to merge, where possible, the best thinking of both camps. "This is not the easy way of taking sides," he says. "It is the difficult business of balancing legitimate needs."

In line with this, he believes, not only must government hear the views of both environmental and economic interests, but any decision making must be open to public participation. Sargent does not want "damaging clashes" on potentially controversial programs, such as power-plant siting and public housing. He does not want polarization of differing interests. He wants the issues sorted out, weighed, assessed and judgment rendered "before conflict occurs."

In reaching any decision, Sargent believes there must be "a higher priority on long-term values than on short-term gains." As he told the 1972 National Governors' Conference, "The public interest changes over time, yet we are planning for tomorrow's society. There is not yet an efficient method of forecasting human events and needs. So our decisions today must maximize options for the future. I am a practicing politician. I recognize the immediate hazards of such a policy. We are held responsible by an electorate for short periods of time. One term. Two terms—a matter of years. Yet we are required to reach decisions which affect generations. . . . I face such sit-

uations now in my state. . . . We must face the possible exploitation of oil and gas resources in traditional fishing grounds off the New England coast. We must reconcile the growing conflict between environment and energy within my state."

With those prospects in mind, Sargent has called for an ecological inventory of the state, a land-use program with emphasis on Martha's Vineyard, and has promulgated an Environmental Bill of Rights. The state is spending more than \$350 million on water-pollution-abatement programs, with the Charles River and Boston Harbor scheduled as targets for major cleanups. Sargent has singled out the Charles for special attention because it flows through the heart of urban Massachusetts. To avoid having the project "bog down in the quagmire of bureaucracy," he has appointed a director of the Charles River Program who must demonstrate performance. One of the key points of the program is to rehabilitate and preserve the natural wetlands in the river valley so they can serve as water storage areas, thus eliminating the need for construction of dams and reservoirs. Sargent has pushed for the preservation of all inland marshes, while he was Commissioner of Natural Resources, his department prepared legislation, since adopted, to save coastal salt marshes from commercial development.

To make sure that the antipollution measures are obeyed, Sargent pushed through a bill granting any 10 citizens, joined together, the right to bring suit against polluters. In 1972 he also signed a bill giving 10 citizens the right to sue the state or any of its political subdivisions for environmental damage. "If we are serious about the principle that a citizen has the right to bring suit for the purpose of protecting our environment," Sargent said, "there is no reason that a state agency, department or authority should be exempt from its provisions."

Is the electorate happy with Sarge in charge? A majority would seem to be, but he comes up for reelection in November, and then everyone will know for sure. And what about the conservationists or environmentalists? Some old-line rod-and-gun club members are annoyed about the gun legislation, and they are testy about the Fish and Game department being taken over by Environmental Affairs, headed by Dr. Charles H. W. Foster, whom Sargent esteems. A profes-

continued



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Take a sip of Crow Light. We think you'll agree that other whiskeys—even the lightest Scotch, smoothest Canadian or mildest Blend—taste heavier by comparison.

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The whiskey that whispers.**



MAVERICK *continued*

stout conservationist, Foster once headed The Nature Conservancy, and his performance in that job did not endear him to many outdoorsmen. One who regards Foster warily is Bob Pond of South Attleboro, manufacturer of the Atom plug and other saltwater lures, and leading spirit behind *The Outdoor Message*, a sportsman's monthly newspaper. Pond, who sells many plugs to Sargent's Goose Hummock Shop, says, "Watch out for Foster—he'll steal your britches off." An extreme conservationist says, "Foster believes in compromise, and nature will not allow compromise."

Sargent, aware of the grumbling, says, "Hank Foster has his Ph.D., but he hasn't gone to all the meetings with the guys in the red suspenders the way I did. Today you can't go far enough to please the more violent members of, say, the Sierra Club and appeal to the hunters and fishermen and the bird watchers at the same time that you guide developers. If you're going to listen to the shillest voices in the conservation area, you'd never get anything built. The fish and game people hate the bird watchers, and the bird watchers think Foster's no good because he hasn't turned down every single proposed building project. Foster is in the position of having to compromise. Yes, you have to compromise, but compromise has become a dirty word."

Does this mean that Sargent has changed from a conservationist to a politician? That the pressures of being governor are too much? That a Dom Perone or a Larry Green should no longer dream? No, not really, according to Frank Woolner of Shrewsbury. The essence of the Yankee sportsman, a conservationist and a kind of commonsense Dutch uncle, Woolner edits *The Salt Water Sportsman* and is the author of a number of books on the outdoors, including a much-admired collection of essays, *My New England*.

"I've known Frank Sargent for a long time," Woolner says. "I don't agree with him on everything. I think he's wrong on gun legislation." Pause. "But he is a good man for the environment. He understands."

"They all change when they become politicians. We used to hunt together. I remember when he'd show up in the early morning, fire off his shotgun right beneath my bedroom window and yell, 'Get up you lazy hum!' You know, I rank doesn't do that anymore."

END

Why do the best golfers play a ball that cuts?

There are plenty of durable balls that stand up better than the regular Titleist. We make one ourselves. But 9 out of 10 touring pros and top amateurs play a ball that cuts. By far, most of them play the regular Titleist.

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Titleist's thin cover, along with Titleist's aerodynamically designed dimple pattern, gives you maximum distance and control. The reason is spin. A golf ball's spin, like a football's spiral, makes it bore through the air straight and true. When you hit a thin-cover ball, it flattens out slightly and clings to the clubface. This little delay makes it spin rapidly as it flies off the clubface. The ball goes farther—and gets the action it needs to stop where you want it to.

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★ You've heard of Hammerin' Hank, but Willie *really* wacks one. The Pirates' big Willie Stargell has taken to using a sledgehammer as a weighted bat while waiting his turn to bat. Stargell again proved himself a big man this month when he received the Roberto Clemente Humanitarian Award for his fund-raising activities for sickle cell anemia research and his service to baseball. Said Willie, "I would be willing to trade any award to see a suffering child know that there's a cure coming."

The cracked plastic trophy for the grossest 18-hole score in a Pittsburg (Calif.) Golf & Country Club tournament had to go to Frank Lombardo. You could understand how Lombardo might shoot a 154, since it was the first round of golf he ever played. But after scoring a hole in one on his 1st hole!

◆ British tennis buffs had seen little of Model Angela Jay, but they saw a lot of her at a pre-tournament fashion show for the Cumberland Open. Her outfit, called the Brief 'n Blouse and



signed by Slazengers, is supposed to "give tennis the swimvuit look" and, presumably, put more zip in the game. Although the stretch nylon bodysuit is not quite skintight, votes will now be taken as to whether Angela looks swimming in it.

Recently a mystery car had been appearing in the parking lot of the Miami Stadium, springtime home of the Baltimore Orioles, a lot reserved for newspapermen covering their games. Investigation disclosed that the car belonged to Mike Cuellar. Asked how he got the choice location, the southpaw pitcher said, "It's my spot. It had my name on the wall." An official checked and discovered that the sign that Mike was referring to read this way: The Cuban Star, "Who else is Cuban star on this club?" Cuellar asked. You suppose he really had to be told. The Cuban Star also happens to be the name of a Miami newspaper?

Here's some relief for men tired of women-in-sports stories. A Montana State coed with the suitable name of Robin Lawyer started workouts for the MSU football team this month and went through the same conditioning drills as the men. "I did it to show the men that not all women are so fragile you can't touch them without them falling apart," Miss Lawyer said. How-

ever, after two days of non-contact work the walk-on candidate walked off. She said she didn't enjoy the 37 different workouts per practice—particularly the running up 10 flights of stairs routine. "The drills leave you with muscles that are screaming 'Help me,'" she noted. "I felt I had been beaten like a stepchild." But she said her pride was not bruised, and she only regretted not having stayed long enough to try on shoulder pads. Said MSU Coach Sonny Holland, who had professed himself willing to give her a spot on the team, "I suspect that when contact was introduced, all the rest of the fan would have gone out of it."

Kitten Hayward, the Philadelphia middleweight, has finally admitted that he once knocked out a horse. It happened a couple of years ago when Hayward was putting Darlin', his pet-palomino, through its paces before several admiring women. "The horse was acting up and spoiling Kitten's show," says Len Brady, a friend of Hayward's. "Kitten got so mad he heaved off and hit the horse a right-hand shot on the head. Believe it or not, the horse just buckled and dropped to its knees."

"Actually, Darlin' only dropped to one knee," Hayward says. "But I had to sell her after that. How would it have looked

if people knew I owned a horse that couldn't take a punch?"

If Memphis is successful in its bid for a National Football League franchise, the name of the team might be either the Shafts or the Hound Dogs. Isaac Hayes and Elvis Presley, two of the city's leading citizens, have both expressed interest in owning a piece of the franchise. Appropriate cheers should be obvious—"Elevator, elevator, give them the shaft," and "Don't kick my dog around."

Cesar Cedeno, the Houston Astros' spectacular centerfielder, is a Saturday morning TV cartoon fan with a special love. "No matter what town we are in I have to get up at 7 a.m. to watch Bugs Bunny," Cesar says. "I wonder, at my age, if maybe my mind is behind me. I do go back to sleep at 7:30, but I never miss Bugs. I love it when he says, 'What's up, Doc?'" The Astros have got to stop feeding their hitters carrots to improve their eyesight.

Because Evangelist Bob Harrington had rented San Antonio's Convention Center Arena earlier, the Spurs and Pacers had to share the arena with him for the sixth game of their ABA playoff. It was a preacher's dream. Harrington delivered a 10-minute sermon at halftime and kept part of the basketball crowd for his crusade at which he announced "the clock is running out in the game of life."

Pedro Wolfmiller of Beardstown, Ill. is a determined golfer. While playing a recent round, his big toe began to hurt. He completed the 18 holes before removing his shoe to find the source of the pain, a discarded razor blade that had penetrated the sole. Thirteen stitches were needed to close the wound. Well, here is one golfer who wasn't crying Wolfmiller.

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Before MG, there weren't much of a sports car scene in America.

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In conjunction with this tuned port, Allegro has a specially-designed woofer which also produces solid middle-range sound. And with a horn-type tweeter to deliver the high notes, you end up hearing virtually the full range and all the exciting sound of the original performance. You also get a more efficient sound system. In

fact, other systems with comparable size air-suspension speakers need twice the wattage to match Allegro's overall sound performance.

But as remarkable as the Allegro speaker is, it's not the whole story. There's equally good audio componentry behind it. Most important, a precision, solid-state tuner/amplifier specifically designed to work with the Allegro speakers.

Finally, Allegro offers versatility. AM, FM and 4-channel matrix FM broadcasts. A 4-channel discrete 8-track tape player. A precision record changer that plays 4-channel matrix records. Plus the ability to play (and greatly enhance) present forms of stereo.

Zenith Allegro 4-channel. Once you hear it, you'll know how 4-channel sound should sound.

The surprising sound of Zenith.

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The machine washable Hathaway Golf Classic has earned its reputation out on the tour. By many, including Jack Nicklaus, it is considered the most professional golf shirt ever made. **CHECK THE SLEEVES:** they're full and free for a smooth, fluid swing. **CHECK THE COMFORT:** testimony to Hathaway's superior workmanship with nothing to chafe or bind. **CHECK THE PERFORMANCE:** 100% cotton knit that absorbs and breathes (under stiff competition!) **CHECK THE LABEL:** the name Hathaway Golf Classic speaks with authority (it's the shirt Jack Nicklaus wears!). For the Hathaway Golf Classic Shop nearest you, write Hathaway House, Waterville, Maine 04901, a division of Warnaco, Inc.



When Jim Wohlford hit .340 in spring training no one in Kansas City was taken by surprise. Shoot, the Royals knew he came armed with an aggressive major league bat. But the problem had been: What do you do with a minor league second baseman who can hit in the big leagues? Wohlford had a glove the Royals couldn't afford to use.

"How about trying it in the outfield?" Manager Jack McKeon suggested to Wohlford last year, which would have meant going back to school in the American Association. "Or," McKeon added, "how would you like to stay up and be my designated hitter?" To most young players, the lure of any major league job would have been too overwhelming to refuse. But not to Wohlford.

"No, thanks," he said. "I think I'd rather be a complete ballplayer. I'll go back and learn to play the outfield." The next day he was on his way to Omaha.

For Wohlford it was his fourth position, his first away from the infield. The Royals had signed him in 1970 as a shortstop out of junior college, moved him to second after a year, gave him a brief trial at third and then moved him back to second. At best, he was mediocre. But he hit .308 at Billings, .303 at San Jose and then .291 and .309 at Omaha. The Royals knew they had to find a place somewhere for that bat. McKeon said he was the best natural hitter he had managed since Tony Oliva played for him in the Pacific Coast League in 1963.

"It was frustrating," Wohlford said last Friday while waiting to see if a heavy rainstorm would wash out an afternoon game with the Twins at Minneapolis, which it did. "I felt like I was a half of a ballplayer. I always believed I could hit well enough to make the major leagues, but I admit my fielding was shaky. I had visions of myself as a utility player at the age of 22, and it was scary. I've always wanted to be the complete ballplayer. Then I found a home in left field."

Wohlford began to put it together at Omaha last summer. He is a quiet, shy 23-year-old, 5'10" and 175 pounds. Determined to get back to Kansas City, he worked long hours at acquiring competence as an outfielder. He once was clocked in 6.5 for 60 yards, so speed was no problem. His arm always had been strong. All he had to do was lengthen his throws and maintain their accuracy.

"At first I felt uncomfortable out there," he said, "but I never felt com-

Looking for a place to play

Kenasa City had a problem in young Jim Wohlford, a fine hitter who could not field. Solution? He went back down to the minors and learned how

fortable playing the infield, either. The hardest thing at first was getting used to turning my body away from the ball. I never had to do that before. And learning to throw to the cutoff man quickly and accurately. Now the hardest thing is low line drives, whether to try for a shoe-string catch or take them on the hop. You let one of those get past you and it's an inside-the-park homer."

In the meantime his hitting became even better. He is a line-drive swinger, spraying to all fields, hitting the ball where it's pitched, and he has enough power to accumulate a modest number of home runs.

"When I'm batting, I don't care what the pitcher is throwing," he said. "I just want them to get it somewhere over the plate. I think I can hit .300 for the Royals. I don't think much of hitters who say they'll hit only .270 or .280. After I hit .291 for Omaha I spent the whole winter teed off at myself."

"I look at major league pitching this way: the good pitchers are real good, they are tough. But how many are there? Most of the guys I see up here are the ones I hit in the minors. And even the ones I haven't seen are all the same: fastball, slider, fastball, slider. I still think that hitting in the minors is the toughest. You never know where the ball is going. It might be over the plate or it might be in your ribs."

While developing as an outfielder last season, Wohlford forgot about his speed. In his first season at Billings he stole 32 bases, but then he became lazy, he said. He did not work at it. He stole 18 the following year, 20 in 1972 and then dropped off to only eight last season.

"It's surprising what you can do on the bases if you just bust your butt," he said. "I've got to do more of that. After the first year I got the feeling I could go out and steal a base anytime I wanted. You can't. You have to think about stealing all the time or you lose it. And a man who doesn't use his speed to its fullest

all the time is cheating himself and cheating his team. Like hunting for base hits. I never did that much. But I'm working on it. Last year I hit .309 at Omaha with only two bunt hits. Only two! I figure if I had added another eight or 10 I could have hit .325." Wohlford got that .309 at Omaha between return trips to Kansas City. The Royals first called him up on May 8, but he did not hit well and went back down in July. Then he was recalled in September and hit .302. In his last seven games, playing left field, he had 10 hits in 23 at bats. That convinced McKeon. Last winter the Royals traded away Lou Piniella, their regular leftfielder. The press howled. One reporter flatly predicted that Wohlford would not be good enough to replace Piniella, and Wohlford kept the clipping posted to his refrigerator door all winter. "They still think of me as a shaky second baseman," he said primly.

During spring training Wohlford quickly proved he could play the outfield, and improved every day. "I'm no Joe Rudi," he said, "but I'm working at it." On Opening Day against Minnesota he made a leaping backhanded catch to take an extra-base hit away from Harmon Killebrew, and after four games he was hitting .438. Suddenly everyone, except perhaps Killebrew, was happy that Wohlford was in left field.

McKeon surely was happy. "What's all the fuss?" he said. "It's the same Wohlford we saw at the end of last year. I knew then he'd make it."

THE WEEK

by JOE JARES

NL WEST San Francisco Outfielder Bobby Bonds was off to a poor start so he spent most of a day off studying films of himself at the plate. Last week his batting average rose 200 points. The rest of the Giants did not need visual aids.

continued

Titleist. The biggest

Nobody's perfect. If you're a 3-handicap golfer, for instance, you hit your iron shots perfectly only about 41% of the time. If you're a 14-handicap golfer, you hit your irons right on the money only 21% of the time.

But there's hope. The illustration below shows how Acushnet designed a club that forgives your less-than-perfect swing. It's the Titleist iron—the club that revolutionized golf club design.

Now you can miss the sweet spot. Note, in the small photo below, how two heavy tungsten inserts have been precisely positioned away from the sweet spot. The large photo shows how greatly this increases the effective hitting area. Even if you mis-hit a shot low on the heel or high towards



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It's not the kind of shots that formerly earned some of the most colorful language on the fairways; you now will get a full 80% of the distance and accuracy that you would get from a perfect hit.

Titleist beats all other heel and toe clubs. Recently Acushnet's Titleist irons were tested against four competitors: PGA (Ryder Cup II), Wilson 1200, Lynx, and Spalding Top-Flite. All these clubs claim heel and toe performance.



But when #3 irons were tested with the mechanical golfer, Titleist irons out-performed them by far. When the ball was hit a full inch off the centroid (sweet spot), the Titleist iron sent the ball a full six yards farther than the nearest competitor. Twelve yards farther than the worst of the competitors. That could be the difference between the middle of the pond and the fringe of the green.

Make your own test. Ask your pro to let you hit a few balls with a Titleist iron. Then hit some of the other new clubs, even the higher priced ones. You'll see why Titleist irons have become the number one selling clubs in golf.

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When the ball is mis-hit in the gray area, Acushnet's Titleist still delivers a good shot. You get 90% effectiveness. Outside the gray area, you get up to 80% effectiveness. No other iron gives you so good a shot so far from the sweet spot. That's Titleist corrective action.*

*Patent pending.

90%

80%

They beat Houston three straight and Cincy two out of three before losing to San Diego on a bad-hop grounder that opened the gate for two runs. The much-maligned Giant pitching staff looked good: Mike Caldwell, acquired from the Padres for Willie McCovey, won two; Tom Bradley beat Houston in the opener, and John D'Aquino went six strong innings. Still, the Giants always look like games before June, when summer shrinkage usually sets in.

The Dodgers also broke quickly from the gate. When Second Baseman Dave Lopes was hurt he was replaced for four games by Lee Lacy, who hit .389, scored five runs and drove in two. After going 2 for 4 on Friday night, Lacy was back on the bench Saturday as Lopes knocked in the tying and go-ahead runs in a 6-3 win over the Astros. Said Manager Walter Alston, "This team reminds me of my 1955 club, which won its first 10 games and 22 of the first 24."

"I expected them to start right out," said Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson of the two California teams, "but we have to stay close. I wouldn't want to be further than four games behind all year. There's so much bounce in our division it's tough to make up ground." Outfielder Pete Rose revealed he had received feelers from the proposed World Baseball League. He might have to jump in self-defense. Already a villain in New York and Chicago, he was the target of obscenities, boos and even golf balls in Candlestick Park.

Houston Manager Preston Gomez was pleased with rookie Outfielder Greg Gross, 21. "The best leadoff man we've had in my two years with the Astros," Gross has seven hits in his first nine at bats and was batting .478 through Saturday. Larry Dierker, who had only one victory last season and suffered arm and shoulder problems, won his 100th major league game, against the Padres. Atlanta croses dropped back to normal after Henry Aaron broke Babe Ruth's record. Only 5,114 were on hand to see him smack No. 716—his third hit and third homer.

Hamburgher migrate Ray Kroc, new owner of the Padres, got on the PA make at the San Diego home opener Tuesday night while his team was being bombed by the Astros and said, among other things, "I've never seen such stupid ballplaying in my life." He apologized the next day.

SF 6-2 LA 5-2 CIN 4-4
HOUS 4-4 ATL 4-6 SD 6-7

NL EAST St. Louis, 4-1 for the week and 6-1 for the season, was getting dividends from its off-season trades with the Red Sox. Reggie Smith delivered two game-winning hits, Lynn McElhenny beat Pittsburgh and still another ex-Bostonite, John Curtis, looked

good despite losing to New York. "I think we've got the best pitching staff in the league," said Joe Torre. "We have six starters better than the Met starters. They just don't have names like Seaver, Kosman and Matlack. Call 'em the No-Name Staff."

After losing three straight to the weatherman, Montreal managed to take hot bats to both Pittsburgh and Chicago. The Expos erupted for four runs in the 13th inning to beat the Pirates 12-8. Ron Fairly's sixth-inning grand-slam home run highlighted a 13-3 romp over the Cubs in a 3-1 week in which the Expos scored 34 runs. Chicago has lots of new faces but is lucky that 15-year-old Billy Williams and his bat are still around. The oldest and highest-paid Cub, Williams had eight of the team's first 16 RBIs.

The Mets were 2-2 for the week, low-lighted by pitching ace Tom Seaver being knocked out of the box for the second time and by Rusty Staub's slump. He had two hits in 20 at bats through Saturday. Philadelphia had a bad scare when a line drive hit Pitcher Steve Carlton on the right side of the neck in the third inning. "It's a few inches more dead center and catches my windpipe," said Carlton, "it's all over." He stayed in the game and pitched well, striking out nine in six innings.

Pittsburgh was off to a sorry 0-6 start. The Pirates led the Cards 4-2 Friday night, then gave up four unearned runs in the seventh inning to lose 7-6.

ST. L 6-1 MONT 3-1 CIN 3-2
NY 2-3 PHIL 3-5 PIT 0-6

AL WEST Patient owner Gene Autry could not be blamed if he sang *Back In the Saddle Again* over the Anaheim Stadium PA system—his Angels were off to a zipping start. They got 16 hits and embarrassed the fumbling White Sox Friday night 15-1, their fifth victory in six games. Muscular Outfielder Lee Stanton was the chief rupper. Through Saturday he had hit safely in every game he had played and was batting .467. "I feel I'm swinging a lot better, more fluid," said Stanton. "I'm more confident."

Bad weather gave the Twins an extra off day and forced a game with Chicago to be called off with the score tied in the sixth inning. Owner Calvin Griffith wanted All-Star Second Baseman Rod Carew to move to first base, but Carew and Manager Frank Quilley were against it. The A's, as usual, were off and running—at the mouth. On the road, the pitchers complained that Manager Alvin Dark yanked them too early. At home, the hitters did not like the slow turf. "If this grass was a little higher, we could have an Easter-egg hunt," said Reggie Jackson. Owner Charlie Finley could not keep

them amidst all this. He had the lawn mowed and told Dark to use Deron Johnson instead of Vic Davalillo as the designated hitter in Kansas City. Dark dutifully complied and Johnson went 0 for 4.

The big deal in KC was Bruce Dal Canton's new knuckleball, which he used with splendid effect in relief against the Twins. And the Royals' Steve Busby, who had a sad 6.21 ERA against the A's last year, beat them 4-1 Wednesday with a six-hitter. Texas was still searching for another starting pitcher to go with Ferguson Jenkins and Jim Bibby, but the Rangers had slugging Jeff Burroughs, who hit a 420-foot grand-slammer against California. "Jeff ought to hit 45 or 50 homers this season," said Manager Billy Martin. Chicago star Wilbur Wood won his first game in three starts, against the Angels, but the White Sox looked weak in the pitching department. Dick Allen was hitting only .138 after skipping most of spring training.

CAL 5-2 MIN 2-2 KC 3-2
OAK 3-2 TEX 3-4 CHI 1-5

AL EAST Milwaukee's rookie Shortstop Robin Yount was hatless in his first four games, but on Friday night he got a single and Umpire Joe Brekman stopped the game and presented him with the ball. Saturday was even better. Although Yount made an error against Baltimore that allowed the Orioles to tie the score, he made up for it by hitting a homer in the bottom of the ninth to win the game 3-2. When visiting reporters went looking for young Yount, comes on the team directed them to a 12-year-old clubhouse boy.

Boston was rained or snowed out three times but had some warm spots, such as Bernie Carbo's first major league grand-slam homer, against Detroit, and Rick Wise's sixth win over the Tigers in his American League debut. Baltimore was off and running like last year, stealing seven bases through Saturday. Ex-Cincinnati Pitcher Ross Grimsley gave up runs by the tons during spring training, but he came close to pitching a shutout for the Orioles in his first American League start, beating Detroit 5-1.

New York won its first four games, matching its best beginning since 1945. Then came three straight losses, two to lowly Cleveland, which was 0-5 before the Yankees came to town. The Indians' top pitcher, Gaylord Perry, was charged with throwing a splitter against the Yanks during the opening game at Shea Stadium. The Indians vigorously protested the ploy. "Gaylord has a good forkball," argued Catcher Dave Duncan. Detroit had a dreary week but Joe Coleman shone, pitching a two-hit, 4-1 victory over New York.

MIL 4-3 BOS 3-2 BAL 4-3
NY 4-3 DET 2-5 CLEV 2-5

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Statesmen are big shots

Foregoing traditional finesse in favor of the fast break and volume shooting, tiny Hobart is swamping opponents under a torrent of goals

The idea of Hobart College (enrollment 1,000) beating Syracuse University in anything other than Scrabble would appear to be ludicrous. Why, Hobart's very nickname, the Statesmen, suggests as much. The aims of the college, to quote its catalog, are simply "to civilize . . . to humanize . . . to liberate intellectually." Well, last week on tiny Boswell Field, Hobart's lacrosse team civilized, humanized and intellectually liberated the Orangemen of Syracuse by the incredible score of 23-1.

Not that Hobart is a newcomer to the game of lacrosse. The college has been playing the sport since 1898 and prior to this season had won over 58% of its games. In 1972 the Statesmen won the United States Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association tournament, the first nation-

al championship held for small colleges. This year they are 3-0, including a 28-1 rout of Clarkson that broke the Hobart scoring record, and are once again a strong contender for the title.

Hobart's eminence in lacrosse is further proof that the Finger Lakes region of central New York state is beginning to rank with Baltimore and Long Island as a hotbed of the sport. In 1971 Cornell, which is, of course, high above Cayuga's waters, won the NCAA lacrosse title. Close by, on Seneca Lake in Geneva, N.Y., Hobart was, as noted, the small-college champion the next year while nearby Cortland State won the same title last year. Now recruits from the even more traditional Southern powers are beginning to scout the area's high schools for talent.

For 37 seasons the lacrosse coach at Hobart was a legendary gentleman named Francis L. (Babe) Kraus, who won 208 games and is now in the Lacrosse Hall of Fame. He was succeeded in 1967 by Buddy Beardmore, who stayed only one year before moving on to Virginia and then to Maryland, where last year he coached the Terrapins to the NCAA championship. Beardmore in turn was followed by the current coach, Jerry Schmidt, who seems determined to outdo both his predecessors. In seven years Schmidt's teams have won 75% of their games and have yet to lose in their league, the Independent College Athletic Conference.

Schmidt was an All-America attackman at Johns Hopkins University in the early '60s (SI cover, April 23, 1962), and at Hobart he has fostered a style of play that makes Baltimore traditionalists look askance. Lacrosse is generally divided into Northern and Southern styles of play, although the differences are rapidly merging. Southern lacrosse, epitomized by the play at Hopkins, emphasizes polished stickwork, maneuvering for the percentage shot and conservative defense in which the defenseman primarily con-

cerns himself with maintaining position between his opponent and the goal. The Northern brand of the game lacks the finesse of the Southern but makes up for it in aggressiveness and contact, with a lot of body checking similar to that in hockey. Without sacrificing stickwork Hobart has earned aggressiveness and contact to new extremes.

Lacrosse teams are composed of three attackmen, three midfielders, three defensemen and a goalie. Attackmen almost always stay at their opponents' end of the field while the defensemen and the goalie remain at their end. Normally a game consists of three attackmen and three midfielders maneuvering the ball for a score against three defensemen, three defensemen and the goalie. This is known as a settled situation. Hobart's frenetic style of play, on the other hand, might best be compared to that of a fast-breaking basketball team. It is built around creating unsettled situations—anything less than the standard six-on-six for Statesmen's offense.

To accomplish his aims Schmidt has introduced a pressing, double-teaming defense designed to steal the ball. In a Johns Hopkins-Virginia game two years ago Hopkins Attackman Jack Thomas stood near the corner with the ball for five minutes and the Cavaliers pointedly let him be. At Hobart, players would have been after him like Doberman pinchers sixed on a hurglar. Instead of merely trying to stay between their opponent and the goal, Hobart defensemen constantly harass the opponent, double-teaming to get at the ball whenever possible. If it were as easy to pass a lacrosse ball under pressure from one stick to another as it is to diagram plays on paper, a double team would be an easy situation to beat, and in fact some of the goals scored off Hobart look embarrassingly easy. As Schmidt concedes, "Basketball teams that press get a lot of layups scored against them." But more often than not Hobart ends up with the ball in an unsettled situation. And then what Schmidt calls his "well-legged kids" take off.

Unless they have a man advantage, as in a four-on-three, most teams slow the ball down and wait for their six-man offense to set up. Not so with Hobart, where Schmidt urges his team to rush the net. "We made a rule," he says, "If a guy takes a shot, we never criticize him. We never say 'bad shot.' It's easier to score in a three-on-three than in a six-on-



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six because there are fewer sticks to knock the ball down, there are fewer backup defenders if you get by your man and you can see an open man more clearly." Schmidt also sees a distinct psychological advantage. "If you're going to catch your breath in sports," he points out, "you should do it on offense. Most players tend to do it on defense because they want to score. Hobart takes advantage of tired midfielders."

Pity the opposing goaltender. Last year the Statesmen took 917 shots to their opponents' 550. In the three games this year they have already outturned opponents 178-69. Schmidt will admit that they were not all great shots but "what you lose in quality, you make up in volume." This is particularly true in lacrosse because the ball can sometimes take awfully crazy bounces off the chewed up turf in front of the goal. Furthermore there is always the chance to knock in a rebound against a shell-shocked goaltender.

Understandably, attackmen gravitate to Hobart. "An attackman would want

to come here just like a split end would want to go to a school that throws the ball a lot," says Schmidt. "He knows he's going to be a good goal scorer here." Schmidt was a big goal scorer at Hopkins. In his senior year he scored 36 times to finish fourth in the nation. Two years ago his three starting attackmen each had 47 goals.

One of those attackmen, Rick Gilbert, then a sophomore, added 75 assists to total 122 points. Lacrosse records are surprisingly vague but Gilbert's is probably the highest point total ever. Last year he added 114 more points while setting a single-season assist record of 88 feeds. Research at Hobart has turned up only one other instance of a 100-point season in all the history of collegiate lacrosse. With the 91 points he scored as a freshman, Gilbert is a cinch to pass the 400 mark for his career. In three games this season he has already rammed home 13 goals and had 17 assists to push his career total to 357 points.

At 5'8", 160 pounds, with long, stringy

hair and glasses, Gilbert hardly resembles the stereotype All-America. A political-science major who hopes to teach elementary school in Baltimore, he seems even less concerned than his coach about the professional contract he will never sign. "Athletics shouldn't be utilized to make money," Gilbert says. "They don't have that much value in society."

Schmidt's "well-legged kids" almost failed to get off to a good start this spring. In the first quarter of the opening game against Adelphi, the Statesmen played poorly and fell behind 5-2. Then Gilbert literally took matters into his own hands. In a stretch of just 84 seconds early in the second quarter he scored three unassisted goals to tie the game. At that point Schmidt rested his star, substituting a freshman, John Hayes. Hayes promptly raced down the field and on his very first shot as a collegian rifled home a goal to put his team ahead. For Hobart opponents there is no rest. These Statesmen never heard of a ceasefire.

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Mary, Mary, not contrary

Only 15, little Miss Decker has gained poise to match her status

Mary Decker is either the *enfant terrible* or the coming star of women's track—or both. The tiny 15-year-old set indoor world records at 800 meters and 880 and 1,000 yards last winter and won the 800 meters handily at the U.S.S.R. indoor meet in Moscow. But later on in the Russian meet, running the anchor leg of a relay race, she was passed by a Soviet opponent who cut in too sharply and elbowed her. Upset, Mary angrily threw her baton at the Soviet girl and later broke into hysterical tears.

Now, apparently serene again, Mary seems ready to break two minutes in the

BOYFRIEND Bill Graves, a maddling miler, accompanies Mary in a companionable workout.

half mile, which would be as impressive in its way as Jim Ryun's first sub-four-minute mile back in 1964, when he was a 17-year-old high school student. Only nine women have gone under two minutes for 800 meters, all of them tough, seasoned Europeans, ranging in age from 22 to 31.

Mary's best time for 800 meters outdoors is 2:02.4, but her indoor record of 2:02.4 for 880 yards is the equivalent of 2:01.5 for the slightly shorter metric distance. She is getting close, but some observers say she is getting there too fast. Steve Prefontaine, with whom Mary has been corresponding about her training and her goals, says, "Her future could go up in smoke if she's pushed too hard. I couldn't believe her training schedule. She could become so sick of running that she'll want to retire at 18."

Much of the criticism has been directed at Don DeNoon, a former race walker who was Mary's coach on the Blue Angels Track Club in Huntington Beach, Calif. When Prefontaine heard that Mary had run a quarter-mile leg in a relay only 25 minutes after setting her world record in the half mile, he said, "It was the job of her coach to tell her, 'You have done enough,' even if she wanted to run." Hammer Thrower George Frenn stopped Mary one day last winter in the course of a workout for the Moscow meet. "You're going to burn yourself out," he advised her. "You can only take so much out of the cash register without going bankrupt."

Alarmed, Mary's mother, Mrs. Jackie Decker, told DeNoon that she was going to have the last word in all decisions concerning Mary from then on. She also resolved to find a new coach for her daughter, and said that she expected to accompany Mary on her trips.

"I asked Mary," says Jackie Decker, "whether she would rather have me along than Don, and she said, 'Of course.' Don has been tagging along with Mary, seeing the world with her, when I could be doing it."

DeNoon denies having pushed Mary too hard. "If we really worked at it," he says, "she could be the best quarter-mile, half-mile and miler in the country. At the 1976 Olympics in Montreal she could win both the 800 meters and the 1,300 meters." As for Mary, right

now she *likes* to run, she does not take a day off even after a demanding race. Still, last month she complained, "My workouts aren't fun anymore." It was not the work that bothered her, she said, but that the Blue Angels had switched training sites, and most of her friends, including boyfriend Bill Graves, were unable to make the sessions. While everyone was busy discussing what Mary should or should not do with her career, she calmly found herself a new coach, 21-year-old Ted Devian, whose distance runners at Pacifica High School include Graves, a miler. She also waived the offer of a "rabbit" to pace her for the first quarter of the half mile she will run at the Mt. San Antonio College Relays next week and declared that she would not try to break two minutes. "If it happens, it happens," she said.

At 5'3" and 98 pounds Mary seems fragile, but her long, lean muscles are ideal for the distances she runs. Off the track she is a bewildering mixture of styles and attitudes, like so many of today's youngsters. She plucks her eyebrows and replaces them with thin pencil lines, but she also wears braces on her teeth. She painted her nails maroon until recently, when she started biting them. She loves strawberries, but before a race she dutifully eats spaghetti—without sauce or salt—to stock up on carbohydrates.

"I am a typical 15-year-old," she says. "I swim and sew and bike and do all sorts of things, just like any other normal kid."

When Mary was born, the Deckers lived in Bunnvale, N.J., but in 1968 they moved to California. Mary, then 10, started running in the parks around Huntington Beach because "there was nothing else to do."

DeNoon discovered her that same year when she won the first race she entered. Mary went from being a sprinter to a quarter-miler to a miler, before settling in last June as a half-miler. In July and August she took her first trip abroad and scored a stunning victory in Minsk over Russia's Nienne Sabutse. She celebrated her 15th birthday two days later in Dakar, where she was presented with a bronze statue of a warrior on a horse by the president of Senegal.

In all, 1973 was a tumultuous year for her. In January her grandmother died, and Mary went to the funeral on the morning of an indoor meet in Los Angeles. She competed in the meet because her grandfather kept saying, "Grandmother

continued



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wants you to run." Mary cried all the way through her race and finished last. In the summer she found a training partner in Graves, a tall, blond 18-year-old with a personal best in the mile of 4:17.2. "I admire him for his intelligence," says Mary, "but he can't teach me anything about running." On weekends when they are both competing, Mary seems more concerned about Bill's performance than her own. Last February, when she was in New York for the indoor AAU championships, she telephoned him in California to inquire why he had not answered any of the four letters she had written him during the previous two days.

Bill has been a stabilizing factor in her life, especially since her parents, whose interests differ, have decided on a divorce. John Decker, 38, is an engineer who likes to ride motorcycles. He built his own Gyrocopter (a one-seat helicopter) and flew it in the desert until he crashed last year. He escaped with a broken rib. "That's the kind of thing that I do not enjoy watching," says Jackie Decker, who is 35. Twice she and the couple's three daughters, Mary, Christine, 13, and Denise, 9, participated in a desert outing. "The first time it snowed," says John, "and the second time we had a sandstorm. My wife said she had enough." Mary's brother Johnny, 17, was the only member of the family who shared his father's adventures with enthusiasm. Three years ago the senior Decker had an accident while riding his motorcycle with Mary on the back seat. They were hit from behind and she suffered a concussion. "Since then Mary doesn't like motorcycles or planes," says Jackie Decker. Despite the crackup in California and her blowup in Moscow, Mary seems able to cope with the challenges that come her way.

"She's just another person on my team," says Devian. "The only thing about her that's new for me is that she doesn't complain. I'm not used to that."

It may be that Mary Decker is the only one who knows herself, knows what she wants to do and can do. "I don't believe people burn out physically," she says. "They burn out mentally. Right now, track is 99% of my life. I've set myself goals in it. I want to break two minutes in the half mile, and I want to win a gold medal in the 800 meters at the Olympics."

"If I don't get it in Montreal, I might stick around for another four years—if I still want it badly enough."

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*Motor Trend Magazine, March 1974.

FINAL TWIST OF THE DRAMA

At the moment destiny touched Henry Aaron it reached out to immortalize a cast of essential supporting players as well

by **GEORGE PLIMPTON**

It was a simple act by an unassuming man which touched an enormous circle of people, indeed an entire country. It provided an instant that people would remember for decades—exactly what they were doing at the time of the home run that beat Babe Ruth's great record, whether they were watching it on a television set, or heard it over the car radio while driving along the turnpike at night, or even whether a neighbor leaned over a fence and told them about it the next morning.

For those who sat in the stadium in Atlanta, their recollections would be more intimate—the sharp cork-popping sound of the bat hitting the ball, startlingly audible in the split second of suspense before the crowd began a roar that lasted for more than 10 minutes. Perhaps that is what they would remember—how people stood in front of their seats and sucked in air and bellowed it out in a sustained tribute that few athletes have ever received. Or perhaps they would remember their wonder at how easy and inevitable it seemed—that having opened the season in Cincinnati by hitting the tying home run, No. 714, with his first swing

continued





of the year, it was obviously appropriate that the man who has been called "Supe" by his teammates (for Superman) was going to duplicate the feat in Atlanta with his first swing of that game. That was why 53,775 had come. Or perhaps they would remember the odd way the stadium emptied after the excitement of the fourth inning, as if the crowd felt that what they had seen would be diluted by sitting through any more baseball that night.

And then finally there were those few in the core of that immense circle—the participants themselves—who would be the ones most keenly touched: the pitcher, in this case a pleasant, gap-toothed veteran named Al Downing who, of the more than 100 National League pitchers, happened to be the one who threw a fastball at a certain moment that did not tail away properly; the hitter, Henry Aaron himself, for whom the event, despite his grace in dealing with it, had become so traumatic that little in the instant was relished except the relief that it had been done: the Braves announcer, Milo Hamilton, whose imagination for months had been working up words to describe the event to the outside world, and a young bullpen pitcher named Tom House, who would reach up in the air and establish contact with a ball whose value as baseball's greatest talisman had been monetarily pegged at \$25,000 and whose sentimental value was incalculable. . . .

THE PITCHER

The poor guy. All those years toiling on the mound, peering down the long alley toward the plate at those constant disturbers of his sense of well-being settling into their stances and flicking their bats—to look down one day and find Henry Aaron there, the large, peaceful, dark face with the big eyes and the high forehead—and knowing that one mistake, one small lapse of concentration and ability would place his name forever in the record books as having thrown the "immortal gopher."

Perhaps there are some pitchers around the league who would not mind being identified with Aaron's eclipsing of Ruth's record. Tracy Stallard, who was a young Boston Red Sox rookie when he gave up the home run to Roger Maris that broke Babe Ruth's record of 60 hit in a year, afterward rather enjoyed the back-of-the-hand notoriety that



came with being a victim of Maris' clout, and he would announce, to the point of volunteering, that he was the pitcher responsible. Most pitchers, though, are sensitive enough about their craft to feel differently about such a role. Ray Sadecki once said of Stallard, "I don't want to be him. Everybody knows who he is. Nobody knows where he is."

Those scheduled in the rotation against the Atlanta Braves in the final weeks of last season and the opening days of the 1974 schedule were uncomfortably aware they were involved in a sort of cosmic game of Russian roulette, it being inevitable that one of them was going to give up the 715th home run.

The pitcher opposing Aaron in Atlanta on the last day of the 1973 season was Houston Astro lefthander Dave Roberts. Before the game he sat in front of his locker looking crestfallen. "What I should be doing is concentrating on my 17th victory of the year," he said. "But I've been thinking about *him*. I thought about him all last night. He was just deposited there in my mind. What really got me was that I knew he wasn't thinking about me at all. I wished I'd known his home telephone number, so's I could have called him every 20 minutes—'How's it going, Hank?'—just to let him know I was around."

In that game Roberts survived three Aaron turns at bat by giving up three singles that raised the batter's average to .301. Then, perhaps with his nervous system betraying him, the pitcher pulled a muscle in his back in the middle of the

seventh inning and was removed. In such a situation the relieving pitcher is allowed as much time as he wants to warm up. Don Wilson, Roberts' reliever, off whom Aaron had hit his 611th home run, said later that as he stood on the mound it crossed his mind just to keep on warming up indefinitely, shaking his head and saying, "No, not yet" to the umpire until the night fell and the moon came up, and perhaps at 10:30 the next morning some sort of statute of limitations would run out the season and he would be able to pack up and go home, sore-armed but assuaged.

The pitcher who through personal experience knows more about Aaron's specialty than anyone in baseball is the tall, sidearm, whip-motion Dodger righthander, Don Drysdale, now retired from active baseball and working as a broadcaster with the California Angels. Aaron hit

Pitcher Downing hangs his head as Aaron runs bases.



the astonishing total of 17 home runs off him. Next down the line is Claude Osteen, who has been touched for 13, and when his rotation comes up against the Braves, Drysdale often calls him on the phone (the two were teammates) to remind him that he'd be delighted to be taken off the hook for being Aaron's special patsy ("Now Claude, don't let down. That record is within reach").

Drysdale has never felt it was possible to establish much of a "book" on how to pitch to Aaron. "Besides, there never is any set way to pitch to a great hitter," Drysdale says. "If there were, he'd be hitting .220. He's one of those 'five-fingers-and-a-prayer-on-the-ball' hitters. I always used to think that he had a lot of Stan Musial in his stance. From the pitcher's mound they both seem to cool at you. The only sensible thing—if you couldn't get the manager to let you skip a turn against him—was to mix the pitches and keep the ball low, and if you were pitching to spots it was important to miss bad. If you missed good, and the ball got in his power zone, sometimes you were glad it went out of the park and was not banged up the middle."

Drysdale remains in awe of the concussive nature of Aaron's power. He remembers a 250-foot home run Aaron duck-hooked over the short "Chinese Wall" screen in the Los Angeles Coliseum, but so hard that Drysdale got a crick in his neck from turning abruptly to watch it go by. "It's bad enough to have him hit any home run off you—turning and looking and saying to yourself, 'My God, how far is that one going to go.' But with the Coliseum home run, I ended up not only in mental anguish, but literally in physical pain."

At least Drysdale was not around to suffer the wrenching experience of facing Aaron at the stage in his career. As soon as Aaron was due at the plate the crowd began to stir in anticipation. In the left-field seats a forest of raised fishnets and gloved hands rose and swayed in expectation. The pitcher was practically the only person in the park who did not want to see the home run hit. Even some of his own teammates would not have been displeased, though they might have been judicious enough to keep it to themselves. In the penultimate week of the 1973 season a scuffle almost broke out in the Los Angeles dugout when a couple of the younger Dodgers, casting aside their team affiliation, carried away in their hope to see a part of history, began urging a long Aaron drive out of the park—"Get on over; get out!" They got some hard stares and



Announcer Hamilton cries, "There's a new home-run champion."

shoving from one or two of the more aggressively competitive among their elders, especially Andy Meyersmith, who is not only a strong team man but a pitcher hardly agreeable to seeing one of his kind humbled.

The next presentiment that the pitcher had to deal with was the flurry of activity from the umpires as Aaron left the on-deck circle and approached the plate. Since home run No. 710 a ball boy had been rushing out to provide an umpire with a clutch of specially marked balls so that, if the home run were hit, the ball could be positively identified to thwart a horde of people turning up for the \$25,000 reward

with fakes. Each ball was stamped, last year with an invisible diamond with a number within, this year with two sets of numbers, a marked pattern that lit up under a fluorescent lamp.

All of this could not do much to help the pitcher's confidence—the scurrying preparations of those attending to an execution. Last year Juan Marichal saw this activity, the plate umpire reaching in a special ball bag at his waist to introduce a special ball to the game, and not being aware of the procedure felt that he was the victim of some odd plot, that perhaps the ball he would get from the umpire was going to pop in two and emit smoke as he gripped it for his screwball. This year it was decided that the base umpire closest to the Braves' dugout would handle the marked balls.

The ball Aaron hit in Cincinnati with his first swing of the sea-

Retriever Howe runs in to deliver the ball to Aaron.



Aaron /continued

son (into a deep enclosure between the outfield fence and the stands known as "the pit") was marked with a pair of 14s and 1s. It was recovered there by a policeman named Clarence Williams, holed up in his canyon with just a piece of sky overhead so that he never saw the home-run ball until it came over the fence and bounced at his feet, splattering his uniform with mud. An attendant came rushing down the enclosure toward him, holding open a small paper bag and crying, "Drop it in here! Drop it in here!" And thus it was delivered to Aaron, the ball that tied Ruth's record, shielded as if contaminated from the view of the huge opening-day crowd as the attendant, flanked by two guards, hurried in from center field.

Four days later in Atlanta, Al Downing handled two of the prepared balls. The first was marked with 12s and 1s, the 12 arbitrarily picked by Bill Acree, the Braves' equipment manager, and the 1 to show that it was the first of a series of 24 balls specially marked. Downing used it through the first inning when he walked Aaron to massive boos of derision. The same ball was tossed to him when Aaron came up again in the fourth. It was thrown out of the game after the pitch in the dirt. From the first-base umpire, Frank Pulli, came a ball marked with a pair of 12s and two 2s.

Downing had realized in the middle of the previous week that he was to pitch the opener in Atlanta. It did not bother him much. Though he is not an overpowering pitcher, he has great confidence. He relies on fine control and a good change of pace. His teammates call him Ace, an encomium for winning 20 games in 1971. He is also called Gentleman Al, for his bearing not only off the field but around the mound where he behaves, according to Vince Scully, the Los Angeles broadcaster, "like a man wearing a bowler hat." Downing is very much his own boss. He shakes off his catcher's signs as many as 25 times a game, relying on his own concepts and on his sense that much of pitching is "feel" ("If you don't feel you can throw a curve at a particular time, there's not much point in trying"). He is such a student of his craft that he has always made it a point to room with a hitter, rare in a society in which there is such a confrontation between the two specialists.

Hank Greenberg, the Detroit home-run hitter, always felt that it was essential to test the fellow opposite. He developed such an antipathy toward pitchers that he would not consider them fellow athletes. They were "throwers." He never thought much of them personally, even those on his own team. Recently he said that the only pitcher on the Tigers he had anything to do with was Fred Hutchinson. "That was because he was a kid under adversity—just coming up—and at the beginning I felt a little sorry for him."

But Downing does not hold to this principle of rancor at all. He says, "It helps a pitcher to be exposed to the enemy camp. For years I roomed with Maury Wills, and it helped my pitching considerably just listening to him talk about hitting. At the very best I know if I ever had to pitch to him—if either of us was traded away—that I knew something of his thought process as a batter and might be able to take advantage of it."

"Aaron? Well, I'm not sure that rooming with him for 10 years would really help. You can have all the know-how, but if you make one small mistake there's no one in the league who can take advantage of it like he does. He

knows what I can throw. He hit two home runs off me last year. But I'm not going to change my pattern. I mustn't go against what I've been successful with. . . . I shouldn't rearrange pitches that complement each other. If I throw 715 I'm not going to run and hide. There's no disgrace in that. On the other hand, I'm not going to run to the plate to congratulate him. It's a big home run for him, for the game, for the country, but not for me!"

THE HITTER

On occasion, as Henry Aaron sits in the Braves' dugout, he takes off his baseball cap and holds it close against his face. He moves it around until he is able to peer through one of the vent holes in the crown of the cap at the opposing pitcher on the mound. The practice, like focusing through a telescope, serves to isolate the pitcher, setting him apart in a round frame so that Aaron can scrutinize him and decide how he will deal with him once he reaches the plate.

The thought process he goes through during this is deciding what sort of a pitch he will almost surely see, engraving the possibility in his mind's eye so that when the pitch comes (almost as if dictating what he wants) he can truly rip at it. Home-run hitters must invariably be guessers of some sort since success at their craft depends on seeing a pitch come down that they expect, so they have time to generate a powerful swing. More than one pitcher has said that Aaron seems to hop on a pitch as if he had called for it. Ron Perrazioski, the former Dodger relief pitcher (who in his first six seasons against Aaron held him to an .812 average, 13 for 16), once said, "He not only knows what the pitch will be, but where it will be."

Aaron describes his mental preparation as a process of elimination. "Suppose a pitcher has three good pitches: a fastball, a curve and a slider. What I do, after a lot of consideration and analyzing and studying, is to eliminate two of those pitches, since it's impossible against a good pitcher to keep all three possibilities on my mind at the plate. So in getting rid of two, for example, I convince myself that I'm going to get a fastball down low. When it comes, I'm ready. Now, I can have guessed wrong, and if I've set my mind for a fastball it's hard to do much with a curve short of miffing it out over the infield. But the chances are that I'll eventually get what I'm looking for."

This procedure of "guessing" has many variants. Roger Maris, for example, always went up to the plate self-prepared to hit a fastball, feeling that he was quick enough to adjust to a different sort of pitch as it flew toward the plate. Most guess hitters play a cat-and-mouse game with the pitcher as the count progresses. What distinguishes Aaron's system is that once he makes up his mind what he will see during a time at bat he never deviates. Aaron has disciplined himself to sit and wait for one sort of pitch, whatever the situation.

One might suppose that a pitcher with a large repertoire of stuff would trouble Aaron—and that indeed turns out to be the case. He shakes his head when he thinks of Marichal. "When he's at the prime of his game he throws a good fastball, a good screwball, a good changeup, a good slider, a good you-have-it . . . and obviously the elimination system can't work: you can't just throw out five or six different pitches in the hope of seeing the one you want; the

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Aaron continued

odds of seeing it would be too much against the batter."

What to do against a Marichal, then? "It's an extra challenge," Aaron says. "I've just got to tune up my bat a little higher. It's a question of confidence, knowing that the pitcher cannot get me out four times without me hitting the ball sharply somewhere."

It is this confrontation between pitcher and hitter that fascinates Aaron, and indeed it is what he likes best about baseball—what he calls "that damn good guessing game."

Obviously there have been the bad times. His manager in the mid-50s, Fred Haney, was thinking of benching him against Drysdale, who was giving him fits in their early matchups. "I had a psychological block going there," Aaron says. "Drysdale was throwing from way out by third base with that sidearm motion of his, and he was mean, and it was hard to hang in there, knowing how mean he was. I had an awful lot of respect for him."

"So much of it has to do with concentration," Aaron says. "On the day of a night game I begin concentrating at four in the afternoon. Just before I go to bat, from the on-deck circle, I can hear my little girl—she's 12 now—calling from the stands. 'Hey, Daddy! Hey, Daddy!' After the game she says to me, 'Hey, you never look around, Daddy, to wave.' Well, sometimes I look at her, I can't help it, but not too often. I'm looking at the pitcher. I'm thinking very hard about him."

"I started thinking about Al Downing of the Dodgers on the way home from Cincinnati. Basically, I knew what he would like me to hit—his fastball, which tails away and, if he's right, is his best pitch. I knew he didn't want to throw me curveballs, which from a left-hander would come inside, and which I could pull. So I set myself mentally for that one pitch I knew he'd rely on—his fastball. I can discipline myself to wait for that ball. I knew it would come sooner or later. . . ."

There is nothing in Aaron's approach to the plate to suggest such an intensity of purpose. His stride is slow and lackadaisical. (He was called Snowshoes for a time by his teammates for the way he sort of pushes himself along.) He carries his batting helmet on his way to the plate, holding two bats in the other hand. He stares out at the pitcher. He drops the extra bat. Then, just out of the batting box, resting his bat on the ground with the handle end balanced against his thighs, he uses both hands to jostle the helmet correctly into position. He steps into the box. Even here there is no indication of the kinetic possibility, none of the ferocious tamping of his spikes to get a good toehold that one remembers of Willie Mays, say, or the quick switching of his bat back and forth as he waits. Aaron steps into the batting box as if he were going to sit down in it somewhere. Downing himself has said that looking at him during his delivery, he finds it hard to believe Aaron isn't going to take every pitch.

Downing's first pitch to him in the fourth inning was a ball, a changeup that puffed up the dirt in front of the plate. Umpire Dave Davidson turned the ball over, looking at it suspiciously through the bars of his mask and tossed it out. He signaled to Umpire Pulit at first base to throw in another of the prepared balls. Downing rubbed it up a bit, then turned and, as the clock on the scoreboard behind him showed 9:07, wheeled and delivered a fastball, aiming

low and expecting it to fade away off the outside corner.

The ball rose off Aaron's bat in the normal trajectory of his long hits—the arc of a four-iron shot in golf—ripping out over the infield, the shortstop instinctively bending his knees as if he could leap for it, and it headed for deep left center field. . . .

Aaron never saw it clear the fence. Hard as it is to imagine, Aaron says he has never seen one of his home runs land. "That's not what I'm supposed to do," he says. "I've seen guys miss first base looking to see where the ball went. My job is to get down to first base and touch it. Looking at the ball going over the fence isn't going to help. I don't even look at the home runs hit in batting practice. No sense to break a good habit."

So, as he has done countless times, he looked toward first as he ran, dropping his bat neatly just off the base path, and when he saw the exultation of his first-base coach, Jim Busby, he knew for sure that the long chase was over.

THE PITCHER

Al Downing did watch the ball go over the fence. He had seen the leftfielder and the centerfielder converge, and he was hoping the wind would hold the ball up. Afterward, when the ceremonies began just off home plate, he went to sit in the Dodger dugout and looked on.

The delay was of no help to his control, and he was taken out that same inning. He went to the empty Dodger locker room and dressed. A taxi was ordered for him, and he stood in the stadium tunnel waiting for it. Downing has a very cheery voice that seems to belie the gravity of any situation one might connect him with. "Well, that's that," he said. "I didn't have the rhythm, and the fastball wasn't doing what it was supposed to, which is to drop slightly. I threw a changeup, low, and then I threw a fastball right down the middle. What did I think when he hit it? Damn, there goes our lead. So I went and sat in the dugout. Nobody said anything about the home run. Why should they? We're all grown men. We don't have to console each other. One or two people came by and said, 'We'll get the runs back for you.'"

A photographer appeared with a small souvenir placard handed out by the Braves, testifying that the bearer had been on hand to see the record home run hit. It had a picture of Aaron and the number 715. The photographer wanted Downing to pose with it, hold it up and smile. Downing shook his head quickly. "I don't think that would prove anything," he said. He looked up and down the tunnel for his taxi.

"I'm more concerned about my next start," he went on. "This thing is over. It's history. It won't bother me. There's only one home run hit off me that's ever stayed in my mind. That was a grand-slam home run that Ken Boyer got in the sixth inning of the 1964 World Series—the one that beat the Yankees 4-3 and turned the whole Series around. I threw him a changeup, and there was a lot of second-guessing that I had thrown him the wrong pitch, that I should have challenged him. I thought about that for a long time. I was 23 at the time. It was a technical consideration. This one? It's more emotional. Well, pitchers don't ever like to give up home runs. But," he said in the cheery voice, "I'm not giving myself up to trauma. People will be calling to see if

continued



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Aaron continued

I've jumped out the window yet. I'm not going to wake up in the middle of the night and begin banging on the walls and looking over the sill down into the street. The next time I pitch against him I'll get him out."

A distant roar went up from the crowd. The Braves were having a good inning.

"Your team has made six errors."

"That so? They must be pressing," Downing said. "Everybody's edgy tonight." He craned his neck, looking for his taxi.

THE ANNOUNCER

At the sound of the ball hitting the bat, in the broadcast booth the chief voice of the Atlanta Braves rose against the tumult to describe the event over the air to his part of the outside world. The voice belonged to Atlanta's local broadcaster, Milo Hamilton, an announcer for the Cubs and the White Sox before coming to the Braves. It was a tremendous moment for him. True, an NBC crew (Curt Gowdy, Tony Kubek and Joe Garagiola) was on hand and so was Vince Scully, the Dodger announcer for the past 25 years, sending the game back to Los Angeles. Through their combined media, many millions would be made aware of the instant, but none had a more personal involvement than Milo Hamilton. Being with the Braves, he was the only

broadcaster in the country who had known for months that at some point he would be describing Aaron's historic home run. His situation was extraordinary for a sportscaster. While he had to verbalize instantly into a microphone what he saw, in the case of Aaron's home run, since it was inevitable, Hamilton had an opportunity to prepare a sentence so perfect that if it worked, if enough people heard it and commented on it, it had an excellent chance to slip into *Barlett's Familiar Quotations* alongside "One small step, . . ."

It was a unique situation. Almost invariably, a momentous comment in sports reporting is made spontaneously, under pressure and against the crowd noise, so that a common characteristic is often that the key sentences are repeated. There was a flurry of repetitions when Russ Hodges, ordinarily a somewhat phlegmatic sportscaster, gave his on-the-spot report of Bobby Thomson's "miracle of Coogan's Bluff" home run in the Dodger-Giant playoff game in 1951. "The Giants win the pennant! The Giants win the pennant! The Giants win the pennant! The Giants win the pennant . . . I don't believe it! I don't believe it! I do not believe it!"

Describing the extraordinary home run of Ted Williams in his last time at bat in the majors, Curt Gowdy had a brace of repeated sentences: "It's got a chance! It's got a



chance! And it's gone! . . ." All of this, in fact, in somewhat restrained fashion, since in an earlier inning Williams had hit a long fly ball that Gowdy described as if it were going into the seats. He did not want to be fooled again.

Phil Rizzuto, the Yankee broadcaster, had a quasi-opportunity, much like Hamilton's, to prepare for Roger Maris' 61st home run, which was a strong possibility though hit on the last day of the 1961 season. Obviously, he did not do so, since his radio commentary, utilizing his favorite epithet, was absolutely predictable. "Holy Cow!" he cried. "That's gonna be it."

Sportscasters all take a dim view of preparing material in advance, feeling that spontaneity must be the key essential of their craft, the thing that so often produces the most noteworthy effect. Red Barber remembers that when he was broadcasting the famous Cookie Lavagetto double that destroyed Yankee Bill Bevens' no-hitter in the 1947 World Series, he described the high drive and how it hit the fence, and here came the tying run and now the winning run, and here was Lavagetto being mobbed by his own teammates, and near beaten up, and then Barber gave a sigh, worn out by all the drama, and he said memorably, "Well, I'll be a suck-egg mule."

Telecasting, obviously, gives the announcer a better chance to drop in a bon mot, since the picture on the set, if

the technicians are on their toes, portrays so much. Barber was the television commentator the day Maris broke Ruth's record, and he started out, "It's a high fly ball . . ." and he paused, noting in the TV monitor that the flight of the ball was clearly shown, and then remembering that a Sacramento restaurateur had offered a large sum of money for the ball, he announced when it dropped into the stands, "It's 61 and \$5,000!"

Hamilton would agree with Barber and the others about spontaneity. "It's very much my cup of tea," he says. But on his speaking tours this past winter he realized that so much curiosity was being generated by what he was going to say at the climactic moment that he felt bound to work something up. In the evenings he would sit around and let his imagination take over: as he watched the Aaron home run arch into the seats his lips murmured; the sentences formed; the facts crowded his mind, especially the similarities between Aaron and Babe Ruth—that both were born just a day apart in February, both hitting the 714th home run at the same age (40) and both as members of the Braves' organization. Hamilton decided to announce much of this material as Aaron circled the bases after hitting 715, using each base as marker along the way (" . . . he steps on second . . . and the Babe's great record, nearly two-score years old . . . and he steps on third . . . a great

continued

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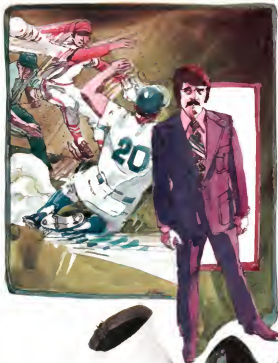
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Aaron continued

day for Aquarians! Both Henry and the Babe . . .").

As for the phrases at the moment of impact, Hamilton decided on "Henry has tied the Babe!" for home run 714, and for 715, the tie breaker, he chose, after much thought, "Baseball has a new home-run king! It's Henry Aaron!"—not earth-shaking (nor in the case of the latter especially grammatical), but functional. Hamilton realized that anything more ornate would sound hollow and forced.

When the great moment came, however, spontaneity took over despite Hamilton's best intentions. The planned sequence of comparing Ruth and Aaron was wiped out of mind because of the speed with which Aaron circled the bases, not being one to slow down and glory in the occasion, the tremendous crowd noise and a violent eruption of fireworks exploding above the center-field rim of the stadium. Even the word "king," which he had intended to say, came out "champion." "It's gone!" he cried. "It's 715! There's a new home-run champion of all time! And it's Henry Aaron!" But mainly, Hamilton was startled during his commentary by something he had never seen before in his nine years of describing the Braves in action: as Aaron turned third base, his solemn face suddenly broke into a bright grin, as surprising to see considering his usual mien as if he had started doing an Irish jig coming down the base path toward the plate. Hamilton was struck by it, but he never had time to describe it to his audience; by the time he recovered, Aaron was running into the pack of players and dignitaries, with more streaming from both benches and the grandstand, and he had these things to describe to his listeners. But Aaron beaming was the one sight, he said later, that while it had never found its way into his commentary he would particularly remember of that day. . . .

THE HITTER

Aaron himself does not remember smiling, or very much else about that run around the bases. The tension, the long haul, the discomfort of the constant yammering, the hate mail—perhaps all of that was symbolized by 715, and to hit it produced a welcome mental block. Aaron has always said that the most important home run in his life was 309, an undistinguished number, but it was a home run hit in the 11th inning of a 2-2 tie game that defeated the St. Louis Cardinals and gave the Braves the 1957 pennant. Aaron has a very clear memory of his reaction as he circled the base paths at that enormous tumult of rejoicing. He suddenly remembered Bobby Thomson's Miracle Home Run and how he had heard about it over somebody's radio as he was coming home from school in Mobile, Ala., and how he had begun running as if coming down from third toward his teammates waiting at an imaginary plate. "That had always been my idea of the most important homer," Aaron said after hitting his pennant-winner. "Now I've got one for myself. For the first time in my life, I'm excited." A home run of that sort, meaning one that produced a playoff or championship victory, is obviously his idea of an "important" home run.

But about 715 he remembers only his relief that it was over with and the vague happiness, that his legs seemed rubbery as he took the tour of the bases, the Dodger second baseman and shortstop sticking out their hands to congratulate him. "I don't remember the noise," he said,

trying to recall, "or the two kids that I'm told ran the bases with me. My teammates at home plate, I remember seeing them. I remember my mother out there, and she hugging me. That's what I'll remember more than anything about that home run when I think back on it. I don't know where she came from, but she was there. . . ."

THE RETRIEVER

There was hardly a fan who turned up in the left-field seats for the Atlanta opener who did not firmly believe that he was going to catch the Aaron home run. Many of them brought baseball gloves. A young Atlantan from the highway department had established himself in the front row, wielding a 15-foot-long bamboo pole with a fishnet attached. He was proficient with it, sweeping it back and forth over the Braves bullpen (at home his stepister threw up baseballs over the winter for him to practice on), though the closest he had come to catching anything with his gear had been a batting-practice home run hit into the bullpen enclosure the year before by a catcher named Freddie Velazquez. He missed sweeping it in by a couple of feet.

The left-field stands of Atlanta Stadium contain the cheapest seats in the ball park and perhaps its most knowledgeable and intractable fans. They have a close affinity with Aaron. He stands immediately in front of them when the Braves are in the field, and they look down at the big blue 44 on the back of his uniform and watch the way he rests his oversized glove ("These days I need all the glove I can get") on his hip between pitches. They rise and cheer him when he walks out to his position, and as they do he lifts his throwing hand in an awkward, shy gesture to acknowledge them.

The Braves' outfield is bordered by a six-foot-high wire-mesh fence that runs around the perimeter of the grass. In the space between it and the high wall of the stands are the two bullpens. The visitors' bullpen is in the right-field corner. The Braves' mascot, Chief Noc-A-Homa, sits in his tepee on the left-field foul line, adjacent to the Atlanta bullpen, and when a Braves batter hits a home run he steps out in his regalia and does a war dance. The Braves' bullpen being immediately under the left-field wall, the fans with front-row seats can look down and see the catchers resting their right knees on towels to keep their pants legs from getting dusty as they warm up the relief pitchers.

The Atlanta pitching staff was the weakest in the National League last year (one reason why the Braves, despite a Murderer's Row of Aaron, Darrell Evans, Dwight Baker, Mike Lum and Dave Johnson, who last year broke Rogers Hornsby's home-run record for second basemen, were not pennant contenders), and the left-field fans have the same sort of despairing affection for the relievers that Mets fans had for their team in its early, bleak days. "We know the pitchers out here," one Atlanta fan said. "In the expensive part of the stadium they never see them long enough to get acquainted. They go in and they're bombed and they're on their way to the showers, which are kept going full and heavy. They never turn off the showers once the starting pitcher is knocked out."

The main reason for sitting in the left-field corner, of course, is that the majority of Aaron's home runs are pulled toward there, either to land in the stands or in the enclosure

continued

Aaron continued

where a denizen of the bullpen or Chief Noc-A-Homa can retrieve them. Noc-A-Homa has seen every home run Aaron has hit in Atlanta Stadium since 1969, with the exception of No. 698, which he missed because he was trying to find a chair for one of the bullpen pitchers. He has not retrieved an Aaron home run since 1972, being too busy doing his celebratory foot-stomping dance. But, hunk of foot himself and outfitted with a lacrosse stick for additional reach, he had seen himself as a possible retriever should 715 drop in the enclosure. When Aaron really taps one, the homer flies over the enclosure and drops in the general-admission areas, where a pyramid of struggling people immediately forms over the ball.

Last year a man named A.W. Kirby from Old Hickory, Tenn. sprinted down an aisle, dived over a chair and, after suffering a broken fingernail and lacerated wrists and ankles in a tremendous scuffle, came up with home run 693, coincidentally the second of those Aaron hit off Al Downing in 1973. Mr. Kirby thought the ball was worth \$1,700. His son had misinformed him.

The abrasions and thumps suffered in the pileup over 715 would be worth it. A high of \$25,000 (by both Sammy Davis Jr. and an anonymous Venezuelan fan) had been offered for the ball. The retriever would be photographed giving it back to Aaron, and his face would shine out of the

country's sports pages, and even if on the periphery, he would know something of the excitement of being touched by the moment.

Eventually the prize would go to the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, N.Y., to join other great talismans of baseball history under their domes of glass—among them, Roger Maris' 61st and Babe Ruth's 714th and last home run, each with the name of the retriever included.

There are several astonishing things about Ruth's last home run, the first being that it was even recovered at all. It was the *third* he hit that day (May 25, 1935), and it was the first hit out of Pittsburgh's Forbes Field since its construction in 1909, an accomplishment that lasted until 1950, when Ted Beard, a Pirate outfielder, was the first of a select group (including Willie Stargill, who has done it a number of times) to join him.

The Pirate pitcher on the mound that day against Ruth and the Boston Braves was Guy Bush, who had come in to relieve the starter, Red Lucas, off whom the Babe had hit the first of his two. Bush, who now lives on a farm in Mississippi, remembers that the "book" on Ruth (he refers to the Bambino as the Big Bamboo) was to throw him a slow curve. "Well, sir, I threw the slow curve, and he hit this little Chinese home run down the right-field line—which was no distance at all—20 feet back into the stands for his

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second of the day. That made me so mad that when he came up again at the back end of the game I called Tommy Padden, my catcher, out to the mound, and I said, "Tommy, I don't think the Big Bamboo can hit my fastball." I *didn't* think so, sir. He had a stance at the plate where he near had his back to the pitcher; he was so far turned around that I could see the number 3 on his uniform. I didn't think the monkey could come around quick enough on my fastball to get his bat on it. So I told Tommy that I was going to challenge him with the fastball. In fact, I told Tommy to go back and *tell* the Big Bamboo what I was going to do—that I was going to *down* him to hit my fastball. That's how confident I was. Now Tommy Padden has passed away, poor soul, and I can't tell you for sure whether he told the Bamboo what I was going to do. But I can tell you this, sir, that I threw two fastballs, and he hit the second one for the longest ball I ever saw—it cleared those whole three decks, and I was too surprised to be mad anymore."

The hall Ruth hit sailed over the heads of a group of boys who happened to be standing at the corner of Bouquet and Joncre and bounced into a construction lot, where it was retrieved by a youngster named Henry (Wiggy) Diorio. He took it around to the Schenley Hotel, where the Braves were staying, for Ruth's autograph. At that time no one, much less the Babe (who decided to retire a few games

later), knew that the ball would be the last he would ever hit out of a ball park. He autographed the ball for young Wiggy and said that as far as he was concerned it was just another home run. As for Roger Maris' home run, that was caught by a young truck driver named Sal Durante. He saw the ball begin its rise, and he hopped up on his seat (No. 4 in Box 163 D in Section 33 at Yankee Stadium) and made a one-handed grab. He shouted, "I got it! I got it!" and was immediately engulfed by a tide of fans trying to wrest the ball away. The ball was worth \$5,000 to him—a pleasant windfall for Durante (who was going to present the ball to Maris anyway) and made his stadium seat, according to *The New York Times* the next day, the most "profitable in baseball history."

In Atlanta most of the home runs do not reach the stands but fall in the enclosure. There, the Braves themselves had decided that if any member of the bullpen caught the ball, it should be delivered immediately to Aaron. Coach Ken Silvestri was asked to supervise the procedure. When Aaron came up he spotted his bullpen crew along the wall, about five yards apart. In the fourth inning Silvestri stationed himself close to the left-field line in the hope Aaron would pull the ball sharply. He looked around for his big flexible mitt used to catch knuckleballs and discovered that Gary Cienfry, a *pitcher* what's more, had swiped it, leaving Silvestri

continued





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Aaron (continued)

with a regular catcher's glove, which isn't the best piece of equipment to catch a long drive. He was just about to call across and cuss out Gentry when Downing began his windup and threw.

The last man in the line toward center field was left-hander Tommy House, one of the staff's short relievers. He is called Puma by his teammates for the way he bounces around during the pepper games and thumps down catlike on the ball, a young Southern Cal graduate in awe of what happened.

"The whole thing blew my mind. The ball came right at me, just rising off the bat on a line. If I'd frozen still like a dummy, the ball would have hit me right in the middle of the forehead. Drop the ball! No way. It never occurred to me it wouldn't to anyone who's been catching fly balls since he was a kid. The only vague problem was someone directly above me who had a fishnet on a pole; he couldn't get it operating in time. I've been getting a lot of kidding, particularly from the other people out in the bullpen, because I've got my masters degree in marketing and I don't suppose my professors would give me high marks for opportunism, with so much being offered for the ball. But I'm not at all sorry. What made it worthwhile was what I saw when I ran in with the ball, holding it in my gloved hand, running really fast—in fact my teammates joked afterward that it was the fastest I'd run in a couple of years—really just wanting to get rid of it, to put it in Henry's hand. In that great crowd around home plate I found him looking over his mother's shoulder, hugging her to him, and suddenly I saw what many people have never been able to see in him—deep emotion. I'd never seen that before. He has such cool. He never gets excited! He's so subtle. And I looked, and he had tears hanging on his lids. I could hardly believe it. 'Hammer, here it is,' I said. I put the ball in his hand. He said 'Thanks, kid,' and touched me on the shoulder. I kept staring at him. And it was then that it was brought home to me what this home run meant, not only to him, but to all of us."

Aaron's most significant home runs have been marked where they came down—No. 500 by a white square on the Fan-A-Gram electric announcement board, No. 600 by the appropriate numerals painted in white high on the wall down the left-field foul line and No. 700

by a seat painted red amongst its baby-blue fellows in the left-field stands. The Braves management has not decided what to do about commemorating the spot where No. 715 came down. A plaque had been thought of for placement in the wall or in the stands, but no one was prepared for House's catch. Some clubhouse wags have suggested that a replica of the pitcher, life-size, should be set out there, if not the original article, stuffed, a gloved arm outstretched.

A more eloquent testimonial than anything the Braves management can probably think up is already in place just across the expressway from the stadium—a life-size concrete statue of Aaron set up in the cluttered front yard of a 70-year-old black gravestone cutter named F. M. Bailey. Bailey works only in concrete (marble is far too expensive for his customers), and each of his headstones, with the name and date chiseled on it, sells for \$10. In his off time he works on pieces of sculpture—massive-winged birds with thin, curved necks, a pair of girls bent like mangrove roots in a wild dance, a memorial to John F. Kennedy with Air Force One flying above the White House—all his constructions made of Portland cement.

He began working on the Aaron sculpture last spring and had it finished and brightly painted (Aaron's uniform in appropriate blue, white and red) just in time to move it, with the assistance of three helpers, into his small front yard on the night of the opener. The statue weighs more than 2,000 pounds. It shows Aaron at the completion of the swing of a massive bat, his eyes, somewhat slanted in Oriental style, watching the ball sail off on its flight. When it was in place, the children came down the street, leaning up against a chicken-wire fence to look up briefly at the statue on their way home to watch the game on TV.

Bailey, somewhat exhausted by his afternoon's labors with the statue, relaxed in his springback chair for the game. His wife sat across the room. When Aaron hit No. 715 the two could hear the shouts rising along the street from the neighbors' houses. "Just then," Bailey says, "I kind of thought back, and when I realized how far he had come and what the hardships were and what it means when one of us makes good, well, I shed a little tear over that, setting there in my chair. My wife never knew. Oh my, not I never let on. She never saw."

END

A man and a woman are posed in a room with ornate, patterned wallpaper. The woman is seated on a large, ornate chair, wearing a black jacket over a white collared shirt and plaid trousers. The man stands next to her, wearing a dark blazer over a red turtleneck and light-colored trousers, holding a small book or portfolio. The background features a complex, multi-colored patterned wallpaper with architectural and floral motifs. The floor is covered with a patterned rug.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SYMBOLES

Sir

Your fine articles on baseball 1974 (April 8) were well thought out. However, your choice of Pete Rose in his year cover and symbolize the game this year was not quite as good. Who had the best season in the majors last year? Who led the National League in home runs, RBIs, doubles and slugging percentage and batted .299? Who is playing on a team you pick to win the most interesting division in baseball? Who is a perennial All-Star outfielder? Who has been the most consistently good bullplayer the last three years and showed every indication that he will continue his supremacy by his spectacular spring performance in exhibition games? He is the same man who should have been on your cover: Willie Stargell of the Pirates.

PETER BORRILLI

Farmville, Ill.

Sir

Whoever chose the cover photo for your April 8 issue certainly did a bum job. He should have used the inside picture showing Rose starting the fight with Bud Harrelson in last year's playoff. It would have shown what a "big" man Pete Rose is.

When Clarence Stern said, "a rose is a rose, a rose is a rose," it is obvious that she didn't know Pete.

SAULY GURIN

End, Okla.

Sir

As a sports enthusiast in general and a baseball fan in particular, I would have preferred seeing a two-page pictorial account of Pete Rose playing baseball, rather than Pete Rose wrestling with Bud Harrelson.

The intensity with which Rose plays the game sets him apart from many of today's businessmen-athletes, who seem more interested in their personal finances than their professional performances. Rose is a throwback to yesterday's athlete who, driven by personal pride, not money, participated in sports the way they were meant to be participated in—passionately.

There is nothing as purely exciting, or as excitingly pure, as watching a merely good man compete in today's commercialized world of sports where there is nothing as rare.

DAVID DUBROWITZ

Whitesboro, N.Y.

BEFORE THE

Sir

According to publicized comments made by Gary Davidson, the World Football

League president, the April 18 cover of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED was all set to feature the WFL (No Longer Such a Small World). With all due respect to Henry Aaron's 715th home run, just what exactly did you have in mind?

CAMPBELL BROWNE

New York City

• See below. ED.

Sports Illustrated



PICTURES AND WORDS

Sir

Neil Leifer deserves credit for a terrific photo of Ken Norton on his way down (Thomas Nokes, Semi, April 8). Both feet are still on the mat, knees straight, arms upward, unable to break his fall. Occasionally, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED comes out with a picture that tells a story all by itself. This one shows Norton at his worst, George Foreman at his awesome best and Howard Cosell with his mouth open—as usual.

G. CHARL BORDS

Oklahoma City

Sir

Tex Maule's vivid article made it quite clear that George Foreman is still the heavyweight champion of the world.

DONALD ZIMMER

University Park, Pa.

Sir

When are you going to stop glorifying the heavyweights, the least active and least talented division in boxing?

You gave the Foreman-Norton fight four pages, while one of the best fights I have seen in a while, the Roberto Duran-Esteban De Jesus lightweight title bout, received only brief notice in FOR THE RECORD (March 25).

The smaller fighters are much quicker,

punch faster and keep up a high blister pace than heavyweights. I wish you would judge a fighter's importance by how good he is, not by how big he is.

JOHN WILK

Columbia, N.J.

BIG MO

Sir

Thank you very much for spotlighting the career of Moses Malone (Not Quite Who's Mosey, April 8). His years at Petersburg (Va.) High School have been years of grand accomplishment. The 30-game winning streak was all the more remarkable in that he was not "played up on"; the team played its own game and Moses took the shots any other center would have taken. We simply put quite a few more in the basket.

You stated in the article that Moses was considering North Carolina State, Maryland, Detroit and Houston as potential choices for his college years. You did not mention Virginia Commonwealth University as a member of this select group, yet Moses has many friends here at VCU and we are all hoping he will decide to say so to the coaches of the super-big, super-rich Atlantic Coast Conference et al. and lead an unknown school such as Virginia Commonwealth into the limelight.

PETER J. FOREMAN

Richmond, Va.

Sir

Your article praising Moses Malone was very accurate and informative, but you should have waited one more week. In the Dapper Dan Roundball Classic in Petersburg, big Mo proved to be overwhelmingly dominant. He scored 31 points, including the game-winning dunk with eight seconds left that gave his team a one-point victory, and pulled down 20 rebounds. He was elected the game's MVP, one of the most coveted high school awards in the country.

March 22 of this year was designated Moses Malone Day in Petersburg, Va., where, after a breakfast for Mo and the team at a local motel, the number 24 was retired at a school assembly, which, at noon, was followed by an invasion from the more than 1,800 students in attendance.

RONNIE PARKER

Petersburg, Va.

ANTI-SIZE

Sir

At McGuire's proposal of limiting the jump to "lessen the advantage of the big man" (See next page, April 8) and all the other amateur ideas that abound (rebound) in basketball fully miss the point. Who cares

continued

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18TH HOLE *continued*

how it can be done. Why should anyone want to legislate against the dominance of height? Exploitation of a physical gift is at the very heart of any organized sport, and the use of height is one of the greatest thrills basketball offers.

If the big man is going to be restricted, athletes born with other advantages ought to have them "lessened," too. Top percentage shooters could be brought under control by, say, counting only every other one of their shots. Playmakers who shamelessly exploit their speed could be required to run backward whenever they have the ball. For strong rebounders, the entire offensive zone might be placed under the three-second rule. Or, to fall back on McGuire's idea of borrowing from pick-up basketball, simply let the players call their own fouls.

Physical advantage is inseparable from sport. One of sport's great delights is that everybody does the same job, but everybody is put together differently and does the job differently. Even the carbon-copy countries of the Communist world, where people are supposed to think and act the same, don't make their athletes pretend they are the same size. If Al McGuire is serious about lessening physical advantage, let him experiment on himself. Let's see him coach a game gagged.

GRIGG E. EASTBROOK
Kenmore, N. Y.

JUNK SIT

Your recent article *Our Fins Friends are Junkies* (April 8) was particularly interesting. For it reminded me of our attempt to make a man-made reef. Although there are many reefs suitable for snorkeling near our island in Honduras, we felt it would be enjoyable to have one even closer by. Unfortunately, the sandy areas were not conducive to tropical fish. About a year and a half ago we dumped zinc molding material in 10 feet of water and later covered it with a ton of dead coral and shells.

Within a few days tropical fish began to make it their home. As the weeks progressed the number and size of fish increased. Soon other types of fauna, such as octopus and lobster, appeared. In two months live coral began growing, although it is an enormously slow process (approximately one inch per year).

Although the building of reefs is a commendable project, as noted in the article, it may have an adverse effect on the oceans. As in the use of rubber tires, all we are really doing is shifting the junk from one place to another. Before very long the oceans will become so junked up that we will no doubt have to move all these rubber tires once again.

ADRIAN CATALANO
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

continued

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SLAUGHTER (CONT.)

Sir:

I was appalled to read *Slaughter on South Island* (March 18). Robert F. Jones apparently felt he had to resort to exaggeration and half-truths to write an article concerning a subject in which the simple facts are stranger than his fiction. Several important facts must be pointed out.

The national parks of New Zealand, including Fiordland National Park, were created for the preservation of native fauna and flora. The whole purpose of their creation is in jeopardy due to the tremendous amounts of damage done to the vegetation by animals, particularly the imported red deer. The vegetation is highly susceptible to damage, because it evolved in the absence of browsing and grazing mammals. Further, one of the world's most endangered birds, the takahē, barely survives in a small area of Fiordland National Park. Its population is declining rapidly due in large part to competition for food by red deer.

This in itself is sufficient reason for the complete elimination of all exotic animals from the national park area. Millions of acres of New Zealand would still be left with more than enough deer to satisfy the genuine hun-

ter. Granted, the days when anyone with a rifle could slaughter 20 or 30 deer are gone, but since when have these people been called hunters?

The behavior of the venison-recovery crews is prompted by greed rather than common sense. The same overexploitation occurs whenever there is a demand for a commodity that is so to be found in the wild. Nonetheless, if one is able to tolerate the antics of the helicopter operators, one must give them due credit. They have utilized a valuable resource that was previously wasted, with many deer dying of starvation (similarly, in many parts of the U.S. does are left to die in the name of conservation and game management, while only bucks are shot). The financial return from the operation is obviously sufficient to make this commercial recovery profitable, although in terms of boosting New Zealand's "struggling" agrarian economy I would argue that the \$8 million or so is but a drop in the bucket for a country as present one of the most financially stable in the world.

I must assure you that there is still, and always will be, more than enough deer and other game for the skilled hunter. If he has to work a little harder for it, he will appre-

ciate it all the more, but he will still get his trophy.

By the way, I am a "Kiwi" and have considerable personal knowledge of deer management in New Zealand. I am currently studying for a Ph.D. in ecology at the University of California, Davis.

MICHAEL E. R. GODFREY

Davis, Calif.

FIPING UP (CONT.)

Sir:

Bill Gilbert's article on the Alaska pipeline (*Power and Light on a Lonely Land*, March 25) is exceedingly perceptive and sensitive. He is to be heartily commended. His sense of the land and the people involved in this massive operation surely facilitates a better understanding of the dilemma for those of us ensconced in comparatively warm homes and apartments in cities and suburbs.

It seems unfortunate, however, that given Mr. Gilbert's perception and sensitivity, he did not give us his opinions on those sticky value questions. This, of course, would mean a departure from objective, "just the facts" journalism, but in this case that might be forgiven.

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19TH HOLE Leonard

norme and technological development have brought us a long way, and we environmentalists must not forget that. Needless to say, people in the developing countries of the third world will not forget it as they demand then pace of the home energy pie.

The necessity for Americans to pay higher prices for their energy, not for the "energy men" to line their pockets with, but so that environmental needs can be met, seems just. As a nation we enjoy one of the highest per-capita incomes in the world, use more energy than any other nation, pay less for that energy and produce incredibly more pollution than any other nation. It seems long overdue that we should begin to share our wealth with the rest of the world, especially when much of that wealth is extracted from places where people starve, suffer and die from causes long since eradicated from our shores. If we do not begin to share with others willingly, they might decide not to wait patiently but rather to demand their due. And that might be somewhat of a problem.

SAUL CARUSO

EXAMINER, III

So

But Gilbert makes the statement that we do not know what man should be. Granted that he doesn't, how can he presume to speak for any of the rest of mankind? If he accepts his own statement that all statements about values can be reduced to "prejudice and personal interest" (by which he means that they are arbitrary and pointless), why does he then proceed to make a statement about values? His position is one that may be termed "self-serving." He has, in effect, said nothing. At the very least, he has said nothing original. At the worst, he has said something false.

Philosophically speaking, in terms of knowledge that exists and is available to all men regardless of how many actually learn it, we do know what man should be. Anyone interested can check this statement by reading Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged*. If you want to know why man needs oil, why man should be in Central Park, in short, why man should live on earth—it is possible to learn it. If, in reading about the pipeline controversy, you get the feeling that man is in a hopeless mess, you can find out that it doesn't have to be that way.

The most abused species in the world is man. If you want to defend him, you must learn to defend his values. It can be—and is being—done.

STEVEN STEEDMAN

Donor

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New
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Guess Dave Hill's card at Turnberry and we'll give you a chance to beat it at St. Andrews.



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There will be 8 winners in our contest. If you're one, you and a partner (golf, marriage, et. al.) of your choice will be flown off to seven days of play

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We are telling you this so while you await the outcome, you can find enjoyment with a glass of Grant's Scotch.

OFFICIAL RULES: 1. No Purchase Necessary—Enter as many times as you wish using the free entry blank or Grant's 8 dollars or more year even using the same score card layout printed on the above entry blank. Include only one entry blank in each envelope submitted. Only one winner will be awarded to a single family.

2. Eligibility—This event is open to all adult residents of Connecticut, District of Columbia, Florida, Illinois, Maryland, and New York. Except employees of William Grant & Sons, Inc., its affiliated and subsidiary companies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, its advertising agencies, newspaper organizations, its suppliers and manufacturers of Grant's 8 Golf Vacation in Scotland, promotion materials and services and the families of its employees.

3. Prizes—Grant's 8 offers 8 prizes, each consisting of a one week golfing vacation in Scotland—including British airway and domestic round trip economy class air transportation to Scotland from the continental airport closest to your home. 7 nights double-occupancy lodging and meals at the Courts Hotel of Turnberry, St. Andrews and Glennagies, caddy, and club rental fees and ground transportation in Scotland. Each winning adult may bring one adult companion providing their travel together and share double accommodation on Grant's 8 Golf Vacation in Scotland. Prizes must be taken during the week beginning September 1, 1984. Prizes are transportation to an eligible trip party with William Grant and Sons, Inc. address.

4. Sweepstakes entries must be received on or before June 30, 1984. Winners will be contacted in July for forwarding of prizes. All winners will be officially announced before August 31, 1984.

5. Judging—All correct entries in the opinion of the independent sweepstakes judging organization will participate in the July 1984 drawing. In the event the fewer than 8 correct entries are received, all those correct entries will be judged winners (pending sign-off by verification and the winning prize will be awarded to entrants selected at random from remaining entries. Neither William Grant and Sons, Inc. nor its sweepstakes judging organization will enter into correspondence regarding this event with anyone other than the qualified winners.

6. Legal—All Federal, State and local laws and regulations apply. Void where prohibited or restricted by law. State, Federal, and other taxes imposed on a prize winner will be the sole responsibility of the prize winner. Odds of winning are dependent on the number of correct entries received.

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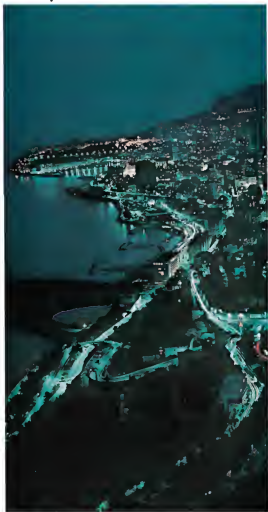
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